

THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!
JUNE, 1871.



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Advertising.

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The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader*, in its issue of May 22, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way that is, so to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

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THE HAWK AND THE DOVE.

FROM MME. DE



E. DEMOREST.



NS FOR SUMMER, 1871.



PALETOT FRANCESCA.

A most distinguished design for an independent garment in black cashmere or gros-grain, which will be especially acceptable to those ladies who do not affect fitted garments for street wear. In either case, a garniture arranged with guipure lace, a broad fold of the material, and a handsome twist fringe, will be very appropriate.



THE NILSSON BASQUE.

This graceful basque cannot fail to impart a distinguished air to any toilet, and is especially handsome in silk to be worn over a plain train skirt. The garniture should be a mélange of lace and fringe—the fringe finishing the edge with a double frill of lace for the heading; and the ornaments, rosettes of lace with pendant tassels. It will be found especially becoming to tall figures; and, though particularly adapted to the house, will very effectively complete a handsome costume de promenade.

Antoinette

NAME FOR MARKING.

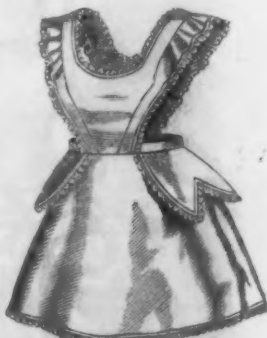


CONSTANCE BASQUE.

This basque is suited for either house or street wear. It is adapted to any material of medium thickness—silk, mohair, or foulard—the trimming, of course, to correspond with the rest of the dress.



AGNES APRON.



BEAUTY APRON.

Two very pretty aprons, especially becoming to slender girls from six to ten years of age. They are most appropriately made in white washing goods, trimmed with narrow edging or ruffling, but look nicely made in black mohair or silk, with suitable trimmings.



No. 1.—NEWBERN SLEEVE.



No. 2.—ESTHER SLEEVE.

No. 1.—A sleeve especially becoming for slender persons, as the puff, which reaches nearly to the elbow, imparts an appearance of breadth. The trimming should, of course, correspond with the material. On thin goods, fluted ruffles or lace will be very effective, and on mohair or kindred goods, velvet ribbon and platings of silk.

No. 2.—A coat sleeve, rather wider than usual, left open about four inches on the outer seam, and ornamented with two straight ruffles. A very appropriate style for black mohair, trimmed with velvet, or for any goods of medium thickness.



THE PAOLINA DRESS.

A neat design for a home dress or walking costume, in any seasonable goods, trimmed with bands of the material edged with a tiny fold of silk of the same color. For black mohair or alpaca, velvet may be substituted for the fold with good effect. The design also recommends itself for linen, as it is so easily done up; bands of linen or cambric, of a contrasting color, or of the same color bound with braid, to be used for garniture.



THE CAMERON OVERSKIRT.

Especially intended for home wear over a demi-train skirt. The trimming may be varied indefinitely to correspond with the material—which may be either thick or thin—or to match the rest of the dress; but the stylish sash, which connects the revers, must invariably be of gros-grain ribbon. The style of the apron is very becoming to slender persons.



No. 1.—LILIAN SUIT.

No. 2.—COSTUME CORA.

No. 1.—A back view of the stylish costume in Japanese silk represented on Fig. 4 of the full page of children's fashions. If desirable, it can be rendered more dressy by looping in the middle of the back. The design will be found very appropriate for écaru linen, trimmed with braid or bindings of brown.

No. 2.—This design is also illustrated on the full page, on Fig. 5. A simple sash, composed of two wide, falling loops, trimmed with velvet, is attached to the belt, which, it will be noticed, extends only to the side seams, thus giving the jacket front its full effect. The suit could be very prettily made in linen or cambric, trimmed with braid or bands of cambric of a contrasting color, and pearl buttons.



THE JESSAMINE SUIT.

Made in gray challis, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and pearl buckles, the "Jessamine" will be found exceedingly becoming. The jacket and overskirt are arranged as a casaque; but, if desired, can easily be detached and worn separately.



EVENING DRESS (PINK SILK AND BLACK LACE).

Pink silk forms the material of this dress. The front breadth of the demi-train skirt is trimmed with two founces bound with silk, and the upper one headed with a ruche. A founce, headed by a box plaiting, is carried down the sides and round the edge to simulate a train. The tunic is black lace, and has sprays of pink flowers over it. The berthe is black lace, headed by a ruche, and pink bows on the shoulders.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Amid the crumbling of thrones and the clashing of arms, the modistes of Paris have been pursuing the even tenor of their ways, inventing and preparing models, evidently determined not to abate one jot of their sway over the fashionable world. If we conclude still to look to Paris for our fashions, we must make up our minds for a radical change in the modes of dress. We are going back to the utmost and severest simplicity—to the styles which prevailed after the terrible revolution of 1792.

Overskirts, ruffles, hoops, chignons, and the thousand and one devices with which we are now so familiar will soon be things of the past.

However, these styles have not yet come in, and American ladies have still time to decide whether they will go abroad for their fashions, or decide about them themselves at home.

There is an obvious difference in the fashions of the present season from those of previous seasons. There is less trimming; flounces, when used at all, are put on flat or very nearly so, and overskirts and sashes may be entirely omitted.

Black silk is the most stylish dress that can be made for street wear. The Buffalo brand of alpaca which is finished on both sides alike, is durable, and never changes color by exposure, is one of the most desirable materials for suits. The other brand of alpaca is perhaps equally excellent, and better adapted for summer, being a lighter and finer fabric. Black grenadine makes handsome summer suits.

For the country, piqué and other wash goods are more in favor.

Brown undressed linen is considered more stylish than the yellow or "Metternich" green.

Piqué is used almost universally for children of both sexes. It is cheap, durable, easily washed and always handsome.

Lace jackets have taken the place of shawls for street wear.

Plain veils made of a yard of gauze, simply hemmed, are useful and popular.

Irish poplin seems to be superseding satin for bridal dresses. At the recent royal wedding it was the material of the bridal dress.

Jewelry is much less worn, especially by young ladies, than it was some time ago. Bracelets and chains have almost disappeared, and black velvet with pendants taken the place of the latter.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR 1871.

(See full-page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—A stylish costume, suitable for girls from eight to twelve years of age. It is made in gray silk, the trimming on the skirt consisting of a broad band of green silk, crossing diagonally, at intervals, by rows of narrow green velvet. The upper garment is cut in the Polonaise style in front, rounded away and looped high on the sides, the back arranged as seen in the illustration. The edge is finished with narrow green fringe, headed by velvet, the same style of trimming being carried around the pointed revers which ornament the front, and bordering the flowing sleeves, which are rounded up and looped in the back. This style would be very handsome, made in black silk, to be worn with any dress. White chip hat, the brim turned up on the sides, trimmed with green gros-grain ribbon, a white ostrich tip, and pink rosebuds.

FIG. 2.—Walking-costume in Japanese crepe cloth of a medium shade of green, the trimming of velvet and fringe two shades darker. The very short overskirt describes the same shape as the bottom of the half-fitting jacket, which is square in front, somewhat longer than the back, slashed in the back and on the hips, the sides and back trimmed with narrow velvet and fringe, and the front trimmed with wide velvet matching the broad sash ends, which fall from underneath in the back. The jacket is finished at the neck with revers and pointed collar of velvet. Gypsy hat of straw, trimmed with a garland of flowers and green gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. 3.—A charming little dress in white linen, the skirt bordered with a plaited flounce, edged with Cluny lace, the unique heading formed of a bias piece of linen cut in a design, bound with blue cambric, and ornamented with bows of narrow blue velvet placed at intervals. The overskirt is quite short, cut in a corresponding design on the bottom, and worn without looping. Plain waist, with square neck, and flowing sleeves trimmed with a plaited ruffle edged with Cluny, and a heading matching that on the skirt.

FIG. 4.—A simple costume in gray Japanese silk, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, suitable for a miss of fourteen. A back view will be found on another page.

FIG. 5.—A becoming little suit in challis eoru, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon, the straps confined by jet buttons. Another view of this suit will be found on another page. Straw hat, trimmed with puffs of blue silk, and blue velvet bows.

FIG. 6.—Home dress in gray leno, the skirt trimmed with ruffles arranged in festoons, and confined by perpendicular bands, all edged with narrow black velvet. High plain waist and flowing sleeves, trimmed with velvet. A pretty little arrangement in black silk, hardly large enough to be called an overdress, describes short basques in the front attached to a belt, and a plaited postillion in the back, over which fall two deep sash ends, continuations of the bretelles. This is trimmed with narrow velvet and fringe, and is a pretty addition to any dress.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BELL.

Written by H. B. FARNIE.

Arranged to a Melody by CH. GOUNOD.

Andante non troppo.

PIANO.

Bell.

dolce.

tranquillo.

1. When I press my wear-y pil-low
2. Gent-ly still the bell is ring-ing,

Far from my home on a stran-ger shore, Fal-ry chimes from o'er the bil-low,
And now there cometh a gray-haired dame, In my dream my arms out fling-ing,

Bring me back the dream of my youth once more!
With a tear I breathe my dear mo-ther's name,

Hark! the spl-rit of the bell
And a lov'd one's by her side,

Pass - eth o'er my na - tive dell. . . . And in an - swer to the sound
One who is my hope, my pride. Ah! kind mes - sage for me tell,

cres. *A* *A*

dolce. *f* *dim.*
Friends long vanish'd hov - er round, Friends long vanish'd hov - er round.
Gen - tle spi - rit of the bell, Gen - tle spi - rit of the bell.

dolce. *f* *dim.*

CHORUS *ad lib.*

ALTOS.
Soft the mes - sage that thou dost tell, . . . Gen - tle spi - rit of the bell.

TENORS.
Soft the mes - sage that thou dost tell, . . . Gen - tle spi - rit of the bell.

BASSES.
Soft the mes - sage that thou dost tell, . . . Gen - tle spi - rit of the bell.

PIANO.
p *f* *pp* *Ped.*

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

A CHAPTER FROM EXPERIENCE.

BY A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

FROM its earliest agitation, I have felt much interested in the question of woman's "work and wages." And although for several years circumstances had made it more convenient for us to board than keep house, I all along was especially attentive to its bearing upon domestic service. Of the many women depending upon their own exertions for support, those possessing culture, energy, and ability sufficient to hold the numerous positions now open to them need no special sympathy. By their social influence and force of character, these women are making their way to recognition and confidence, proving, rather than proclaiming, their fitness for the work of their choice.

So I never felt greatly troubled but that the rights of women fit and desirous to teach, fill clerkships, practise law and medicine, preach and lecture, and receive the same emolument for their services as men would do, must eventually be recognized and granted.

My sympathies, as I before intimated, have been chiefly exercised over the condition of respectable but ignorant working-women, whether of American, Irish, or Ethiopian stock, who must look to factories, kitchens, and laundries for their "work and wages," and I carefully attended, while personally uninterested and unbiassed, to the various points of fact and opinion I heard and read in reference to the vexed "servant question." I felt sure that the key to its solution was in the hands of employers. It seemed reasonable that the heads of a household could and should bring such influences to bear upon all beneath their roof as to establish, mutually, satisfactory relations between the parlor and the kitchen. The class of women who go out to domestic service, though for the most part ignorant, untrained, and sickle, are yet warm-hearted and impressi-

ble, and should be furnished with attractive homes, and treated with patient, appreciative co-operation and respect, until they develop into faithful and valuable assistants. A good mistress must make a good servant, even from ordinary material.

This was my belief—my theory, if you will. It looked reasonable; it does still. But I wish to relate my experience for the past year. Perhaps some one can tell me why it does not harmonize so well as I could wish with my theory. I offer it humbly, deprecatingly, venturing no explanations nor excuses. If some one will come to the rescue, and show me wherein I have erred in the practical application of my principles, I shall be very grateful.

We began housekeeping. There were three of us—Orlando, baby, and I. The latter mentioned of the trio feeling scarcely equal to assuming all the manual labor of the domicile, in addition to the care of the second member, there must then be a fourth.

I omitted to mention that, having recently read some papers by Mrs. Stowe showing the advantages of household work over that of a seamstress, factory-girl, or even school-mistress, and recommending it as a field of labor for American girls, I had heartily endorsed her views, and was desirous of seeing them carried into effect. I felt prepared to receive into my family some sensible, intelligent girl, who was not ashamed to be seen at the cooking-stove or wash-tub, yet would be an agreeable companion, and conscientious and judicious when left in charge of my child. I thought I could give such an one a pleasant home. The work for our small family, in a commodious house, could not be very laborious; we could give her access to the latest books and periodicals in her hours of leisure, and there would be opportunities for church and lecture going, besides an occasional

hour or two of an afternoon for those little promenades for small shopping in which the feminine heart is supposed to delight.

A neighbor, an elderly lady, with whom I conversed, thought she knew of just the right person for my purpose. A young woman in the country, a farmer's daughter, skilled in household affairs, well instructed, but with no taste for school-teaching, wishing to be independent, had requested her to look out for some suitable situation. I was pleased with what she told me of the girl, and waited the result of their correspondence with some anxiety. My neighbor came in one morning with a question: "Did I expect the girl to come to the table with us?" Now, I had thought seriously upon this point; and though it was no ordinary sacrifice to give up those quiet, confidential table-talks with one's husband which made so much of the charm of housekeeping in contrast with our long boarding-house experience, and which every wife of a business man knows are almost her only opportunities for uninterrupted conversation with him throughout the day; still, under the circumstances, I was prepared to say "yes," only there was the baby. She was still too young to sit at the table, and for some months some one must take care of her at meal-times. The lady's countenance changed as I explained this to her. She was "afraid Sarah would not think it best to come—she seemed particular about coming to the table." I begged her to write again, tell Sarah the exact circumstances, saying that when the child was old enough to come also we should not object to her eating with us, if she were as lady-like as we had reason to believe. But we never heard from her on the subject again.

I had long been acquainted with and felt great interest in a young girl of about twenty years, the daughter of an intelligent, industrious mechanic, who had sent her to the public schools until, at the age of eighteen, she had been very well educated. She was fine-looking, amiable, and interesting in manner, having good health and fine physical development. This young lady seemed to value and reciprocate my regard, and had often expressed to me, in confidence, her ardent desire to obtain some employment by which she might earn her livelihood, and be able to obtain more and better articles of dress than her father could afford. After some consideration, I resolved to offer her the same compensation that I had expected to pay to a first-class servant, to become an inmate of our family, and assist me in all its domestic duties. Warned by my

previous experience, I at once told her about the care of baby when not asleep at meal-times. She did not object at all to this arrangement, knowing that she had always been treated and considered as an equal by us, and recognizing the necessity that one or the other of us should be so precluded for a time. Yet it was with a good deal of hesitation that she accepted the proposal. I could see that it was not a pleasant prospect to her, and that probably it was the remuneration which won her consent.

I soon discovered that she was not only ignorant of housework, but despised it, and that she regarded it as a pitiable necessity which had led her to attempt it. Knowing that her mother was a hard-working, economical housewife, and an excellent manager, I had expected at least a tolerable degree of proficiency in Eleanor. But she was not only unable to do anything properly—she did not think it worth her while to learn. She seemed surprised and incredulous when I—to whom she had previously attributed some degree of refinement, taste, and intellect—avowed that I liked housekeeping, and felt a real pleasure in the proper performance of its duties, and though her own noble and honest father had maintained her by the sweat of his brow, and her mother toiled alone in her kitchen all day long that she might exempt her for study and society, so firmly fixed was her idea of the degradation of work, that she evidently lost a portion of her respect for me, regarding me as deficient in taste, or else feigning an interest I did not feel, for the purpose of influencing her.

"I hate housework!" she would say, with an expression of disgust on her fine features; "it is only fit for ignorant Irish or colored people. Think of a lady, with intellectual tastes and delicate perceptions, spending her time and powers in scouring kettles and pans, and washing soiled clothing!"

I tried hard to show her the beauty of a room arranged as only a lady of taste and culture can arrange it; to make her appreciate the refinement and taste evinced by a well-ordered house, the delicate purity of spotless linen and shining silver, and the moral and æsthetic power of perfected household arrangements, and lead her to see that she who held this power in her hands was a queen, and not a "drudge," even if she spent a portion of her time in the actual labor involved in the carrying out of her plans. I told her that housework became "drudgery" (her favorite word as applied to it) only when one was overworked, having no time for other things. In our own

case, either one of us might, without physical injury or fatigue, have done *all* we had to do—by sharing it, we had each plenty of time for reading, society, sewing, and going out, and it would not be called drudging. I shared with her the more disagreeable details, teaching how even kettles, coal-hods, shovels, brooms, and brushes may be handled by a lady without leaving unpleasant marks upon her hands or dress. I told her or read to her of the many noble, refined, scholarly women who have not disdained such tasks, nor delegated even the coarser parts to others, unless more important affairs made it necessary to employ help. In short, I tried in every way to make her feel that the woman who makes a cheerful and beautiful home for those she loves, performs for them a service the most truly refining and ennobling of which human nature is capable.

All in vain. At the end of two months I found I was working too hard, and being obliged to neglect many of my usual pursuits and recreations. Of course, there was much more to do with a person of Eleanor's habits added to the family than before. She had no tact in discovering what was to be done, but seemed to have a vague idea that the house kept itself. I could not find a place where she was of use or relieved me of any responsibility. If I left the kitchen and dining-room to her after breakfast—I always had that meal to prepare while Orlando held baby, as she never managed to leave her room until the breakfast hour—after bathing and dressing baby, and putting the chambers and parlor in order, I returned to find the fire out, the dishes unwashed, or half of them left standing about, dishcloth and towel lying in a greasy heap in a corner of the sink, the floor unswept, everything awry, dismal and crumpled, while my young lady assistant and companion lay upon the lounge with a novel or the morning paper. If I remained in the kitchen myself, doing up the ordinary work, and perhaps lingering to brighten the silver or wash some of baby's finery, I went to the sleeping-rooms to find lank, tumbled-looking beds, with wrinkled pillows lying at angles to each other, littered carpets, soiled towels and dusty furniture; or, quite as frequently, nothing had been done, and Eleanor sat reading with the baby asleep across her lap, when it should have been laid in the crib an hour before. Eleanor was fond of reading. I had known and been proud of her literary tastes before she came to live with me. But when she pulled volume after volume from the book-cases and left them piled

in chairs about the rooms, and hunted out all the old magazines from the closet shelves, and arranged or disarranged them in heaps in the corners, under the sofas, in the crib, on the beds, and even in the pantry and behind the cook-stove, I must confess that I did not feel like talking over their contents with her as I used to do.

And I never could impress her with the idea that it was best to get our work done in the morning. Orlando dined down town; so after putting the house in order we had only ourselves to provide for until tea-time, and might have had a good deal of leisure. But Eleanor seemed to think it was just as well to wash the dishes at eleven as at nine o'clock; to dress before or after as she felt inclined, or, if disposed, to sit about all day in a dirty wrapper, with tumbled, unchignoned head. On these days she rushed into the retirement of her own room if the door-bell rang, leaving me to answer it, without regard to baby's convenience or my own, listening to find whether any one came in, in which case she soon emerged in becoming dress and unconscious serenity. The presence or absence of company regulated the matter of dress with her. The idea of being *always* suitably arrayed for the time and occasion—neatly and plainly in the morning, freshly and more adorned for the afternoon, without regard to visitors, seemed to be foreign to her mind, and would not thrive with assiduous cultivation. It became necessary that I should have more help than I should be likely to receive from Eleanor at this rate. Our connection was pleasantly dissolved and she returned home.

I was so disappointed in the endeavor to have a companion and domestic help combined, that I concluded to fall back upon the Irish element. Still I thought to secure a rather superior person, one who would appreciate a comfortable home and easy situation, and whom I could attach to myself and my interest by kindness, and consideration for her own.

One was recommended to Orlando—a widow of about thirty years, having the reputation of being a good housekeeper and especially a good cook. She had been receiving large wages in the latter capacity at hotels and saloons, we were told, but would gladly accept lower wages for an easier place and a quiet home. She came to us. As Mary looked rather slender and very neat, I began my efforts at establishing kindly relations with her, by giving her a nicely furnished room on the same floor as my own, instead of the one in the third story in-

tended for servants, saying to her that I did so because she looked hardly strong enough to like going up two flights of stairs. She expressed no thanks, and only remarked that she "wasn't much used to sleeping up stairs when her husband was alive," which I afterward found was true, as they had lived in a cabin of two rooms. I soon discovered that my new help was one of the class of self-canonized martyrs who are "never so happy as when they are miserable." In fact, *miserable* was her chosen word for all her grievances, which were legion. I had previously supposed that I had a convenient house, but before Mary's first week expired she had discovered many things to the contrary. The cellar stairs were "miserable"—she never drew water before from such a "miserable" well, the draught of the stove was "miserable," and I never went into the kitchen without hearing of half a dozen of these trials in the most patiently forlorn of tones. There were not half enough of kitchen utensils for her purpose. The sink, the baking-table, the wash-room, the pantries, all of which we had prided ourselves upon, had each some weak point, which she "got along with" in the most martyr-like manner. Having been obliged to do all the cooking while Eleanor was with me, I had especially felicitated myself upon the accomplishments of Mary in that line, and promised myself rest and appetizing meals. She kept us overstocked with richly-seasoned dishes, and increased our weekly bills for groceries more than one-half. If I ventured to suggest that we would like things a little more plainly prepared, or that a less quantity would better suit so small a family, she plaintively replied that she always cooked just so, she never *did* have any luck when she "split a receipt"—i. e. made half the quantity—didn't know anything about using things any different from her way, and had rather not try strange ways. If I explained to her the exact ingredients of some favorite dish, she meekly said that she never heard of cooking it so, didn't see how it could be fit to eat with only *three eggs*—she always used *five*—was afraid she would fail—it always made her *miserable* to fail in her cooking. I always retired discomfited—overawed by her consistent and melancholy faithfulness to her art, and always convicted in my own mind of a shameful want of appreciation of lard and spices. We sat down to our rich, greasy, strong-flavored food, day after day, trying to avoid dyspepsia by eating of the plainest dishes; wondering, meanwhile, what would become of the others, and longing

for the delicate and simple fare which we preferred.

Thinking Mary was not very strong, I took pains to procure for her use in washing a labor-saving soap, which I had tested and knew to be a material help, and instructed her in its use. But without evincing any interest, she grimly averred that she had no faith in "any of them new-fangled soaps and things," it was "no use trying to get away from the fact that washing was hard work—for her part she had rather break her back than not do things *right*, and unless I was particular about it she'd keep to her washboard; and neither didn't want no wringer; she'd be miserable if the clothes didn't look just so, unless she had done her best with them." Such uncompromising integrity in my service eventually won the day, and I again felt convicted of slovenly and make-shift proclivities.

If Mary took the baby in her arms, it was with the saddest of faces, and the dismal remark that she "did not like to take care of babies, it made her think of her own baby that died; though she was sure it was better off—she didn't mourn for it to be out of this miserable world."

At first this aroused my sympathies to the extent of devising all sorts of contrivances to avoid asking her to take the child, who occasioned such painful recollections; but after a while her lament came to mean less to me, as I found that she really seemed just as willing to hold the baby as to do anything else.

There was a mysterious power in Mary's sad assertions of self-abnegation, and I had nearly succumbed to my meek paragon, whom I suppose I should never have thought of dismissing, though her gloomy ways darkened all our home, when she, one day, told me she guessed she must leave me on the next, to return to the situation of cook at an eating-saloon, which she left to come to us. She had "got kind of rested up, and they offered her a dollar more a week than before." I saw a glimpse of freedom from the thralldom of her sad perfection. I think she expected an offer of advance in wages. But I only said I was sorry she had not told me sooner. I could not be sorry she was going, though I knew not how I was to replace her, and I breathed more freely than for a month before, when she was really gone.

We now applied at an intelligence-office, and for three or four days I held receptions for applicants. I will not recount my interviews with them. I had not thought myself very difficult to please. I know I did not look for

perfection, and was willing to overlook even grave deficiencies; but I was obliged to send away several, feeling that I could not willingly admit them into my house. One young Scotch girl of seventeen years, tidy and honest-looking, I almost decided to engage, even after she told me she knew nothing at all of housework. I was expecting company soon, to remain some days, when I wished particularly to be at leisure, or I should have attempted her instruction, so winning were her pleasant face and frank, good-natured ways; and I have always since felt a vague regret that I did not secure her.

I finally engaged a smartly dressed, good looking Irish girl, who claimed to be well versed in all the branches of housekeeping. She stipulated for an alarming extent of privilege as to going out and entertaining company; but I reflected that it was as well to have such things settled at first, and was disposed to grant anything not too unreasonable. It was with great difficulty, however, that I could make her see that if she went out three times on Sunday I could never attend church myself; and we compromised at last by arranging that she should go twice on the Sabbath and I once, and that she was also to go out one afternoon and two evenings in the week, and receive her "consins" in the kitchen on other evenings. At the end of the first week Katy had won the name of being good-natured, respectful, an ordinary laundress, a tolerable cook, and a kind nurse. She was prompt and expeditious at work, the work was light, she was cheerful, and all went on smoothly. I began to congratulate myself upon having secured all one could reasonably expect in one's help, and to look forward to the days when mutual regard and respect should make our relations perfectly satisfactory in all things. She had stayed long in her former places, and I believed she would remain longer still with me.

But soon we began to notice suspicious smears upon our dishes at table, and strange-looking, foreign substances in their contents; and looking a little more closely into affairs in the kitchen, I found, under the appearance of order and neatness, evidence of habits of the grossest slovenliness. I will not run the risk of shocking any one by recounting my discoveries. Let it be sufficient that I felt that when we sat down to the table we could not know what we were eating, what previous experiences it had passed through since entering the house, or to what uses the various utensils of the kitchen were put in the intervals of their regular duty.

Katy's despatch was at the expense of neatness. She was not openly slovenly—her rooms and person always looked reasonably clean and orderly, but her closets, her bread and cake jars, her refrigerator and the cellar shelves revealed secrets to the investigator sadly detrimental to appetite.

I had taken her on trial for two weeks; and before the time expired I knew all this. Yet, when I came to talk with her of it, she was so deferential, so sorry she did not please, so willing to be taught, so ready to promise care in the future, that I kept her. It was hard to come to an open rupture with Katy.

She did not improve—at least not for more than a day at a time—and relapsed into her careless, hasty, *dirty* ways as soon as my watchfulness was intermitted. A hundred times I have gone into the kitchen, fresh from some new and startling discovery, resolved that she must go at once, to be met by such pleasant, respectful attention, such profuse and sorrowful excuses, such plausible explanations, that the rebuke and dismissal died on my lips or lapsed into the faintest of inquiries or remonstrances.

And so Katy stayed with us five months. But things grew worse instead of better, and at last I summoned courage to tell her that she might go at the end of the month, and I was again alone.

In dwelling upon Katy's worst fault, I have neglected to mention that the kitchen was illuminated four or five nights in the week until ten and eleven o'clock, while she entertained her friends, often a half-dozen at a time, and that when once "out," she was so oblivious to the flight of time that my own arrangements were often broken up, and our meals behind-hand, because she failed to make her appearance at the expected hour. But as she was never without a reasonable excuse, or a humble apology, nothing could be said.

One day a stout Irish woman, of respectable appearance, came to the door seeking a place. I hired her, because I needed help, and because of her fifty years. She was a good laundress, delighting to do the baby's dresses and Orlando's shirts in "illegant" style. She was excessively neat, every leisure moment being spent in scrubbing or scouring. We had beautifully polished knives and bright dishes while she remained. She could not cook, nor set a table properly; but there were so many things she could do well, that I was content. But Bridget was *queer*. She talked vehemently to herself, and acted strangely at times. I tried to shut

my eyes and ears to it, and gave palliative replies to my friends' inquiries. It was so nice to have her put out the kitchen gas and go to bed, when her work was done; to hear her up early in the morning sweeping pavements or polishing stoves; to have no cousins coming in, no going out and staying out too long. But she grew more and more strange in manner, and soon after having stayed alone in the house with her for three nights in Orlando's absence, I heard that she had been an inmate of an insane asylum for years, and yet had frequent relapses into violence. I kept her till the month was up; and though the poor woman begged hard to be allowed to stay, I dared not keep her longer.

I next procured a young girl of twelve years, who could take care of the baby, do the lighter parts of the work, and attend the door—thinking that, by putting out the washings, I could easily manage the remainder, and have a good deal of leisure besides. And so I did; but, alas! my little nurse, though cheerful and apt, was incorrigibly careless and disobedient when not in my sight, and I did not dare trust my child with her, after hearing from my neighbors that, in my absence, she jumped from the chairs and tables with it in her arms for amusement, and finding that it had repeatedly fallen from the bed or cradle, and was scarcely ever without bruises upon its little face. At last, coming into the room just in time to see a heavy iron furniture caster, which she was whirling by a string in the air, fly from her hand and just escape my baby's head as it fell, I concluded not to attempt longer teaching her to be more thoughtful, lest my little one's life be sacrificed to the lesson.

I suppose that by this time I have gained the reputation of a mistress difficult to please, who often changes servants, and no doubt shall be shunned by girls seeking situations. I have not yet attempted to secure any further help. I do not know as I wish to do so. I feel unsettled and disheartened at the result of my efforts to provide employment and home for one of those homeless women. However it may look to others, I know that in each case, except the last one, I bore long with the fault, tried earnestly, affectionately and patiently, to help in its correction.

Meanwhile I cannot do alone the work for my family, unless I give up all social and literary ties and pursuits, which no woman should sacrifice unless she must.

At present, our meals are served from a restaurant near by. We began taking them thus

as a temporary resort; but I sometimes ask myself why such an arrangement should not be a permanent one—if one great kitchen might not prepare the food for fifty families at once, employing cooks and waiters in the same way that workmen at other kinds of business are employed, send the meals to their tables and remove the service afterwards, leaving all as before—if a mammoth laundry might not do their washings and ironings. And were so much of the work taken from the house, three-fourths of the families now employing servants would need none. Even chambermaids, seamstresses, etc., could work by the day or hour, and go to their own homes at night. And in America, at least, it seems as if the spirit of the age tends more and more to the establishment of men and women in homes of their own, however lowly, and to unhappiness, contention, extortion, and unfaithfulness where two or three sorts and conditions try to live in one home, however spacious and luxurious. The trials I have recounted are perhaps among the least to which employers are liable; yet they were sufficient in each case to prevent employer and employé from being at home under the same roof.

FAME.

BY EREN E. REXFORD

ONCE I knew an aged poet,
Old with work and want and care,
And the fame he sighed and toiled for
Never came to make life fair;

And his heart grew starved and hungry
As the hearts of poets can,
For some sign of approbation
From his selfish fellow man.

And he died: but when he slumbered,
Caring nothing more for fame,
All the world began to echo
With the poor old poet's name;

And they built a tomb of marble
His low resting-place above,
Shutting out the rain and sunshine,
And the flowers poets love.

Yesterday, as I was going
Slowly down a crowded street,
More than once I heard some children
A sweet verse of his repeat;

And I wondered which was truest,
Tribute to the poet dead,
Stately tomb of heart-cold marble,
Or the words the children said?

THE CHILDLESS HOME.

MANY newly-married people consider childlessness a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. It relieves them from many cares, annoyances, and vexations. It abolishes the nurse, sleepless nights, good Mrs. Winslow, and the cradle. It gives opportunity for parties, balls, the opera, and sundry trips to the mountains and sea-shore, which would be exceedingly inconvenient if a little trouble-maker had to be taken along or left behind. There is nobody to litter the floors, turn the show-articles upside down, and make confusion generally; and there are no sobs nor squalls, which those may call "music" who have an ear for such sounds, which our childless people have not. And then, the landlords are always so civil when they are told, "No children;" that is the "open sesame" to any desirable suite of apartments or love of a cottage. Indeed, many of our newly-married folks look upon no children as the universal panacea for the ills of life, and the infallible recipe for connubial, and indeed all other happiness.

But after awhile the brightest and most engaging couples tire of receptions, theatres, concerts, and the like. The appetite for excitements becomes sated. The relish for artificial enjoyments gets cloyed. The desire for comfort and quiet takes the place of the feverish craving for active pleasures. To sit down at home over an entertaining book; to break the monotony of an evening by a pleasant chit-chat, a few touches of music, or an amusing game; to be warned off to bed by velvet-footed dreams, stealing over the senses and filling the fancy with drowsy delights—these things invariably come in time. And then comes a yearning for something the heart has not, a looking for what the room does not contain, a feeling after what no provision has been made for. But the cradle does not come. The aversion to care, infantile cries, and confusions of all sorts, has become chronic; but little Two Shoes is a tyrant, and wherever he sets up his small despotism insists that the "laws of disorder" shall prevail. The desire for somebody to pet, and play with, and dote upon, grows to a hunger, which, alas, does not feed itself; and only gives way to the more painful need of that sympathy, affection, friendship, solace, and support which none but a child can supply. There may be wealth; yet who but a child shall keep at bay that great brood of vultures

and cormorants which peck remorselessly at the life of whoever has a purse? There may be social position, and even fame; but how empty and barren are all honors that must dissolve with the breath of their wearer? The home may be a palace; but its splendid halls will be cold and cheerless as the forecourt of a sepulchre, if they are not made the portals of Heaven by the prattle, the merry laugh, and innocent hilarity of children, through whom the Divine Paternity bestows perennial youth, and hope, and earthly immortality upon parents here.

Of all cheerless, unnatural places in the world, a childless home is quite the most uncomfortable. There is something oppressive in its vacancy. Its stillness is stifling. The heart faints and cries for what is not there. The home into which the Great Father has once placed one of His little ones, for however short a stay, is transformed by that visitation, and can never lose the charm of that mysterious comin'; nor the light that streamed through door of the noiseless departure. That door is open, and no hand can shut it; and just on the other side the unseen child engages in gambols, or is busied with tasks, which it needs but a little imagination, blended with faith for a parent's heart, to hear. No home can ever be the same again into which one immortal being rose to conscious life, and saw a heaven of love in a mother's eyes. Birth is the great sacrament. But the home that has had no such baptism, cold, dull, and dreary is it at the best, with none of the poetry of life in it, no legends of angels trailing about it, and no star shining over it to indicate that it is favored of Heaven.—*The Golden Age*.

SAVE SOMETHING.

If your income is five dollars a day, spend but four. If it is one dollar, spend eighty cents. If it is but ten cents, spend nine. If it is three potatoes, save half a potato for seed. Thus you will gradually acquire something; while, if you spend and consume as you go, you will never get ahead one inch in life, but every sunset will look on you poorer than at sunrise, because you will have used unprofitably one day more of your strength and your allotted term of life.

A DOLLAR A DAY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE storm which had been long brewing, burst suddenly in the household. It took everybody by surprise, as tempests always do, no matter how long they have been preparing. Cressy, who was pretty thoroughly seasoned to sudden flurries and squalls in the domestic atmosphere, never remembered such a whirlwind of passion as had burst just after breakfast, when the morning mail was brought in. It took away her breath and the pretty color from her cheeks, although not a solitary hail-stone of her father's wrath had beaten on her young head.

All that was reserved for Ramsey. Richard Forsyth, with a vague doubt and uneasiness about his eldest boy, had been of late holding the purse-strings with a gripe which, considering Ramsey's age and general bringing up, might have been wisely relaxed a little.

The result was, the boy had grown desperate at last, being driven to bay by expensive habits and boon companions. In one way and another he had plunged into debt, not in Thornley—he was too shrewd for that—but in the larger town, where, despite his father's growls and menaces, the youth managed to spend the greater part of his time.

Ramsey Forsyth had not been brought up to know the value of money, and his father's doling out of meagre supplies, looked, in the contemptuous eyes of his son, like the merest niggardliness, no better than any miser's gripe on his gold, combined with a pleasure in making his own power and authority felt.

But Ramsey did not do his father entire justice here. Forsyth knew the world only too well, and what lions lay in wait along the border-lands of opening manhood; and if the measures which he took to save Ramsey from coming to grief were not always the most judicious, there was much to be said in favor of the motives that underlay everything else.

But Ramsey, judging from the surface of things, felt himself outraged; grew, in consequence, more and more irate with his father, swore at him behind his back, called him hard names—a favorite one being “a beggarly old screw”—hankered to get his fingers into the old man's purse, and with plenty of time on his hands, with lounging, boating, racing, and late suppers, was very likely to take the road, as his father succinctly put it, “to the Devil.”

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But money must be forthcoming for all these luxuries; and Ramsey, driven to straits, borrowed a little here and there, trusting to “luck”—that last resort of fools and cowards—to pay it.

But luck did not serve him, and finally, pinched to desperation, he put up some small stakes at a gambling-saloon, and winning enough at first to give him a relish for play, he went deeper and lost; borrowed more money, meeting with alternate good and evil fortune in his stakes.

His debts grew pressing; his father's hold on the purse did not relax, but rather tightened with Ramsey's appeals, and, at last, to escape the annoyance of petty debts, and bracing his courage with the old proverb that, “As well hang for a sheep as a lamb,” young Forsyth borrowed a sum on his father's credit which covered his outstanding debts, and left him a margin for another trial at gambling, by which he confidently expected to pay his new creditor before the debt should fall due; having fully settled it in his own mind that “the old man would never be the wiser,” for though Ramsey was a great bully and blusterer among his chums, he never secretly thought of this act coming to the knowledge of his father without a shudder.

But “luck” was not with Ramsey's cards this time; he played and lost. His debt fell due, and an extension which he obtained for a few days found him, at its close, with no improvements in his affairs.

Ramsey's creditor was a shrewd business man. He suspected how matters stood, and after waiting another interval, resolved to apply to the fountain-head, and sent an account of the whole transaction to the youth's father.

The boy had no suspicion of what had occurred. He had been in the worst of moods for several days, with uncomfortable facts facing him all this time; but he had just arisen from the breakfast-table, and was going out when his father sprang up from the corner where he was reading his letters, and with a horrible oath collared his son. Everybody was consternated. Cressy shrieked, and Proctor, springing out of his chair, upset it.

There was an awful scene. Forsyth was not a man it was safe to defy, and in all his life his sons and his daughter had never witnessed

anything like this explosion of passion on his part.

Ramsey was thoroughly cowed. A rough shaking from his father's hands was all the personal violence he experienced, but he sank into a chair, the big, braggart youth, with all his courage oozed out of him, while Cressy stared and shook with a dreadful fear of what would come next, and yet not daring to interfere.

Her father thundered up and down the room, pouring out dreadful oaths, cursing his son, now shaking his fist, and now the letter in Ramsey's face, who, before such a witness, had not a word to say in his own defence, and who, caught in this sudden hurricane of wrath, would scarce have attempted any if Forsyth had seized the first chair and broken it over the boy's head.

It ended, however, at this time, with the father's collaring his son, and more, dragging him to the door and thrusting him out of the room, ordering him to go up to his room, and not to leave it that day at his peril; and Ramsey went, glad enough to escape from his father in this ignoble fashion.

Proctor and Cressy were left alone in the breakfast-room after this storm. The boy and girl looked at each other with scared faces. The latter burst into tears.

"Ah, Proctor, wasn't it awful! I never saw pa like this in my life!"

Proctor rose up and looked out of the window like one half dazed, for the whirlwind of his father's passion had half stunned the boy.

"Yes, it was horrible," he said, in a slow tone, like one half afraid of his own voice, with his eyelids at their highest possibility of motion. "I'd rather walk a thousand miles than go through such a high old blast again."

"It's an awful thing Ramsey's been doing, running pa in debt that way. I wouldn't have believed it of him," sobbed Cressy.

"Yes, it was a horrid move on Ram's part. But, hang it," with a sudden fellow-feeling for his brother, "the old man's grown awful stingy of late—keeps a fellow on such low grub, he drives one into desperation."

Cressy groaned. "I'd rather," she sobbed again, "have sold all my jewelry. I'd rather wear my old clothes a whole year, and not had one single new dress, than had Ramsey do such a dreadful thing."

"If Ram gets alive out of this scrape, he will never try it on again," added Proctor, who sympathized with his brother a good deal, and yet was quite shocked at Ramsey's crime.

"Might have known it would end in a high old breeze at last," beginning to recover himself a little.

Suddenly Cressy came up to her brother. There was a dreadful fright in her face. "You don't s'pose, now, pa will really do it, do you?" she said, in a whisper.

"Do what?" asked Ramsey, unconsciously lowering his voice.

"Why, send Ramsey to State's prison? You know he swore he would—said this business would shut him up in a felon's cell."

"No," said Proctor, decidedly. "He may swear and threaten until all's blue; but when it comes to sending his son to State's prison, Richard Forsyth won't do it; I thought you knew him better than that, Cressy."

"So did I until this morning, but I believe it has shaken the wit all out of me. How he did look, how his eyes did glare!" and she shuddered again.

Proctor shared largely in his sister's feeling, although he was a boy, and would not show it quite so openly. "It will be a lesson to Ram and to all the rest of us not to rouse the lion," he said. "Did you ever see that boy so cut up?"

"I don't wonder," said Cressy, the color getting back slowly into her cheeks. "Anybody would have collapsed under such a hurricane. I'm so glad the servants happened to be out of the room."

"Yes, we're lucky enough if they didn't hear the hubbub, and play eaves-dropper, though."

And while the two talked, they suddenly caught sight of their father, driving rapidly out of the front yard.

It was late in the day when Forsyth returned home. Cressy, whose wits were seldom at fault, rightly conjectured that her father had ridden over to the scene of Ramsey's misdoings to thoroughly investigate them. It had been a miserable day to the girl, the most miserable she could remember in her whole life. Her spirits usually shook off troubles as ducks' backs do water, but the dreadful scene of that morning clung to her with a terrible tenacity. She lived over her father's towering rage and Ramsey's look of wretchedness, until every other feeling was lost in pity for her brother, which was quite generous in the little girl, considering what a torment and bully Ramsey had managed to carry himself toward his sister.

When Proctor went off, this pity so far got the upper hands, that Cressy stole up to her

brother's room, put her lips to the key-hole, and pleaded to come in.

At first no notice was taken of her entreaties; then she was angrily ordered to take herself off; but Cressy comprehended how terribly stung and mortified her brother must be at this juncture, and would have forgiven him if he had knocked her down.

She watched her father's face anxiously when he returned, but its look was hardly promising. Cressy suspected that the result of his examination into Ramsey's late conduct had hardly lightened his wrath toward his son. There was something in his look and manner which the girl could not help feeling boded no good to Ramsey.

The supper passed off with unusual quiet; Proctor feeling, also, to use his own words, there was thunder and lightning in the atmosphere. Her father never alluded to Ramsey, except once, when he inquired, sternly enough, whether the boy had left his room that day.

After the meal was over, Cressy's eyes and ears were on the watch. She could not tell what she feared, only she had an instinct that her father had made up his mind to try some desperate remedy on Ramsey.

She watched the man when he went out to the barn, and she was in her room, with the door ajar when he returned, as he would have to pass that, in order to reach his own; and Ramsey's lay beyond both.

But as the heavy tread passed her door, Cressy's wide-open eyes saw that her father carried a horsewhip.

Cressy's blood seemed to freeze in her veins at that sight. She knew Ramsey, and that he would never submit to a horsewhipping, from human hands, without defending himself to the last gasp, and that an awful struggle must ensue between the father and son, in which the result would be doubtful, for, if the elder was the more powerful, the other had the advantage on his side of the swift, alert muscles of youth.

Forsyth had been frequently a loud, harsh, but never a cruel father. He had never struck Cressy a blow in her life, and his boys had very little to complain of in that line; and if Forsyth had not, in this instance, been driven to desperation, partly by passion, partly by the shock which the discovery of Ramsey's conduct had given him, he would have seen the madness of resorting to any such extreme measures.

Arguments addressed to human hides have,

from the nature of things, a repulsive aspect of brutality in them, and must always be the lowest and coarsest method of reaching the soul hidden somewhere in the animal.

That corporeal punishments may prove the only means of appeal to certain natures, may perhaps remain an open question in morals and metaphysics; but a horsewhipping in the case of Ramsey Forsyth would be certain to rouse up in him what I suppose it would in most boys of sixteen, "the very Devil."

In that one moment of frozen horror Cressy had taken in the whole thing. She had a blind instinct that she must not let this thing happen, that she must throw herself into the breach, at all hazards; and hardly knowing what she was about, she seized a little jewel-box which, for some private reason, she had been busy over a good part of the day, and rushing out, she confronted her father just opposite his own door, which he was passing.

"Papa, papa," clutching at his arm breathlessly, "I want to speak to you a moment."

"Get out of the way; I can't be bothered now!" answered Forsyth, in a tone such as Cressy seldom heard from him.

The man was strung up to a mood with which it was dangerous to interfere.

But Cressy flung herself right in his way. "Just one minute, papa; I must say it before you go!"

He tried to push past her, but in her desperation she clung to him.

"Let me go, I say! It's better not to trifle with me now!" and in his blind rage the man actually raised his horsewhip.

It was well for his own future peace that he did not strike her. The blow would only have stung Cressy's flesh for a few minutes, but its memory would have returned to hurt Forsyth, at times, to the last day of his life.

Cressy saw the raised whip, and grew white as ashes, but she did not shrink—there was a strong courage at bottom of the girl, of that kind which has taken many a tender woman to the scaffold. She dropped right down before her father, she clasped his knees with one hand, and with the other she held up the little box she had snatched from the table.

The sight struck the man through all his blind rage. The whip dropped down before it struck Cressy.

"What does this mean?" he asked, staring from the box to the kneeling girl.

"They are my jewels, papa; there's lots of nice things, all you ever gave me. I want you

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to take them and let them pay Ramsey's debt; oh, do, papa!"

The cover flew back. There was a glittering heap inside, coral beads with gold clasps, and pretty lockets, and bracelets, and rings, and all kinds of dainty trinkets on which a young girl would be likely to set her heart.

"Child, do you think I want those baubles?" and this time there was a touch of feeling in Forsyth's voice, as he looked at his kneeling daughter, and he was a good deal shocked to feel how near he had come to striking her.

"But, papa, they are worth more than you think—and I had a great deal rather poor Ramsey would have them"—she broke right down here, sobbing dreadfully, but still clinging to the man's knees.

The sight, the sobs went to the heart of the father. He raised her up.

"There, don't cry, child. I didn't mean to be hard with you. Come in here," and whether he would or not, she clung to him and made him follow her into his own chamber.

"But you will take the jewels, papa dear?" smiling up at him through her tears.

"Cressy!"

"You think they're only a girl's baubles, but they're all solid gold, and they cost heaps of money; and if you will only sell them, they'll pay every dollar of Ramsey's debts."

"Child," said her father, and through the wrath of his voice some sudden pain struggled, "it isn't the money I care for; it's the tricks that young rascal has played on me."

"I know he has been a dreadful boy, papa."

"Yes, and he needs a desperate remedy," his face darkening, his fingers tightening over the horsewhip.

"Ah, papa," cried out the girl, sharply, "you will not do that."

"Cressy," said her father, very sternly, "you must not meddle with this matter. It is between Ramsey and me."

"But, papa," wringing her hands, "it will be the ruin of Ramsey. It will drive him mad."

"It will teach him one lesson he won't be likely to forget," answered her father.

Cressy saw that his mind was made up; she could not move him. His will was, for once, a rock against which she might beat her weak wings in vain.

Yet she blindly dashed at it once more. "But, papa, think; he is your own boy, yours

and mamma's; and oh, what would *she* do if she was here now!"

Cressy had her mother's face. As it looked up at him now, the sweet face of the wife of his youth came out from the grave and stood by Richard Forsyth. Cressy saw the stern look soften a little, and kept on. "He was her oldest boy, papa, hers and yours, and she loved him so; and if she was here now, she would beg you not to do this awful thing—you know she would, papa, so much better than I can."

She heard a kind of short, sharp sound from her father, much like a smothered groan.

"But mamma is away off in her grave to-day, and there is nobody to stand here in her place and plead for her boy but poor little me. Oh, papa, don't think it is Cressy talking now; think it is mamma!"

Forsyth sat down in a chair. His face was shaken.

"What is to become of that wretched boy, if I let him off now?" he muttered to himself.

"But he is not all bad, papa. There is some good in him. Think of last Christmas eve."

"What about it, child? If there's anything to be said for the scoundrel, let me hear it."

"I'd forgotten you never knew anything about it at all papa;" and then Cressy sat down at once on the arm of the chair, and went over eagerly with the whole story of the night on which Ramsey had given the five dollars to the newsboy, and of all the talk betwixt her and her brother which had preceded Ramsey's act.

Somewhere during the relation, the horsewhip fell, with a hard ring, to the floor. Whether Cressy heard the sound or not, she knew that the dreadful thing would not fall on Ramsey Forsyth's shoulders that night. Her father sat still awhile, after the girl had finished. Cressy had a feeling that the story had taken deep hold on him. At last, she said, putting her soft, cool cheek down to his: "Papa, I have heard you say very often that mamma was a good woman."

"There never was a better one in the world."

Forsyth was mistaken here. The dead woman had been a true wife, a loving mother, and always had general purposes of doing right; she was amiable and kindly in all her relations, but she had no exalted ideals, no high moral convictions, and had plenty of small vanities and selfishnesses; there has been many a worse woman, many a better one, too.

But these latter Forsyth had never known,

probably would not have comprehended, and his family love was the best side of him, as the influence of his wife had been the best that had ever fallen into his life.

"Then, papa, you know Ramsey could not be altogether bad, being mamma's boy."

Forsyth looked at his little daughter and smiled, and this time there was something soft in his smile that made it seem like a woman's.

"Well, daughter, I hope you are right. At any rate, it is the only thing that can be said for the young scape-grace."

In a few moments he rose up, and, without saying a word, but very kindly, set Cressy down, and went on to Ramsey's room. She was not afraid now. She sat still as a mouse for a long time, in the reaction from the dreadful excitement which she had undergone, and discerning in a vague way a new sense of responsibility on her part. She felt more of a woman, too, than she had ever felt before. Indeed, Cressy was never in her inmost self the same child which she had been, after that night.

At last, when she rose up, she saw the handle of the horsewhip gleaming like the scales of a serpent in the dark, for the twilight had faded long before. She seized it, and hurried out to the stable, groping her way by the starlight, and thrusting the whip on the floor as though it was something she loathed. The next morning the coachman found it, and wondered how the thing got there.

CHAPTER XII.

About the middle of April, Darley Hanes wrote in the old account-book of the "Super-cargo's" as follows:

I knew as soon as I reached home last night something had happened. Perhaps I sniffed it in the air, as they say a horse does a wild beast near at hand; perhaps I read it in Cherry's big round eyes when they kept looking at me, and dancing and saying just as plainly as though they had spoken out loud, "Oh, you don't know—you can't guess what is coming, Darley Hanes!"

And Prudy puckered up her lips, and tried hard to keep on her prim old woman's mask; but that little pet dimple of hers kept peeping out every minute or two, and I knew the thing which was coming was something wonderfully good. I kept mum. Girls are funny things, and it's just as well for a fellow to let them take their own time and way in small matters.

When we sat down to the table, and I lifted my plate, it was all out in a flash; there lay a

letter to me with a foreign postmark on it, in the handwriting of Joe Dayton.

Such a Babel of tongues as followed when I swung the letter around my head and shouted three times three!

"It came three hours ago; the postman brought it," shouted Cherry.

"We've been dying to know what's inside ever since," screamed Prudy.

They were still, though, as mice when the cat's on guard, as I opened the letter; and we had it with our supper, and the first made the last sweeter.

Dear old Joe! that letter was his brave, honest self all through. He was in Calcutta; had been in port only one day; but the steamer was to sail next morning, and so he seized the chance of writing to me.

They had a stormy passage out, he says, and a fellow who goes to sea for the fun and excitement, will find before many days he's counted without his host. The whole is made up about equally of hard work, and hard tack, and hard knocks.

The mates were coarse, surly old sea-dogs enough; but the captain was a jolly, generous sailor, who loved a joke and a long yarn almost as well as he did his pipe.

Joe was sea-sick, and a good many other kinds of sick, the first weeks out, and, like old Gonzalo, would have given "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze—anything."

But at last the worst wore off, and he picked up spunk and pluck, and resolved not to go under before the ship did.

Good for Joe, I say. I knew he'd got it in him, as I told him that last morning.

He's lain awake many a night in his bunk when the winds howled away in the rigging like a whole wilderness of wild beasts, thinking how I was cutting around Merchants' Block with the evening papers.

Calcutta, Joe says, looks like a paradise with its palaces and gardens, its glittering mosques and its Hindoo temples, as you see it first sailing up the Hoogly.

It all seemed like a dream to him while he was writing, sitting there in the shade of the deep veranda, and stopping now and then to gaze at the long quay stretching before him, and the crowds of natives with their dark faces, which seemed to carry some awful secret, and their curious dresses, surmounted with the great turbans just as we see them in pictures.

"And somewhere," Joe says, "away off on the other side of the world, is the boy I parted

with last fall by the old bridge, and my old heart got such an awful wrench then that it feels a little sore yet, away off here in Calcutta."

Prudy declared that was pretty enough to put in a book. Perhaps when I'm a wrinkled, gray-pated old man, I shall open these pages and read it here. Who knows?

Here goes the conclusion of Joe's letter, which has a ring to it that stirs a fellow's blood:

"Good-by, dear old Darley! I've munched many a mouldy crust, and pulled through many a heavy gale, and climbed the masts when my fingers stuck to the ice on the ropes; but I'm not sorry I left off selling papers and turned sailor. I've got many a hard fight and many a big storm to weather before I get into smooth waters. But if I don't get there—if I go to the bottom, in some thick squall, they shall say Joe Dayton went there doing his duty, if it was only a sailor's before the mast."

Beat that, I say, who can! Shakspeare himself couldn't have said anything more "pat." Good for Joe, again!

I thought that finished the letter; but Cherry's sharp eyes found a postscript on the other side, though she sat opposite me at the table:

"Old fellow, keep up heart! though I know it's tough. You'll come out top, yet. 'Twon't be always selling papers round Merchants' Block for you, Darley Hanes! You've got it in you, as you said to me. Whistle, and keep your courage up! You've got your battle to fight on land, and I mine on the sea, but we both have the same foes of Fate and Poverty, and it will take many a long, hard pull for us to throttle 'em—you and I, my boy!

"Give my love to Miss Prudy and Miss Cherry.

"You did the right thing to stay at home, Darley, when the pinch came. If I'd had two such sisters as yours, I wouldn't have been such a sneak of a brother as to strike off and leave them to shift for themselves, for all the gold of these Indies."

Now, I never told the girls they were all that kept me from going off with Joe; but that postscript kind of let the cat out of the bag.

"Old Joe was born for a sailor," I said. "I should have caved in the first day out."

That was a whopper; I saw it was, the next moment; and Prudy looked at me with something in her eyes which made me suspect she did too. I went back to Joe's letter.

"It's just him, all through," I said.

"I never imagined there was so much in him," said Cherry. He had such a big face,

and lots of freckles all over it; and his thick, yellow-white hair stuck out like little horns all over his head; and I never could think of anything but 'old Sir Nob' when I looked at him. Then, Darley, he always seemed kind of scared and awkward when you brought him home with you."

I fired up there. "Now that is like girls. Nobody else would think of Joe Dayton's hair and eyes, when he has such a royal brain and such a big heart underneath."

"Now don't get huffy, Darley," said Prudy. "We all know what splendid stuff there is in Joe; but it didn't come out always—did it, now—when you used to bring him home with you, and he would stand stiff as a poker by the door, and wringing that old cap in his hands until I wondered how it was ever to go on his head again, and blushing scarlet up to his eyes, and wriggling one foot before the other—"

Cherry and I burst out laughing before Prudy could get any farther with her picture. I had to admit its faithfulness to the original, though doing so went a little against the grain. "Joe was horribly bashful before girls," I said; they seemed to take the pluck right out of the fellow. He'd never had any sisters, you see, and thought girls were a kind of angels or fairies, or something. If he had only known them as well as I do!"

The girls shouted, and called me "wretch," and "monster," and plenty of other hard names, at that. Suddenly Prudy grew dreadfully sober. "Of all the world," she said, "I have no business to be making fun of Joe Dayton's looks and ways."

I knew she was thinking of the boots.

"Miss Prudy and Miss Cherry," said Cherry. "No one but a gentleman at bottom would have put it in that way."

"Joe was born one," I said, "if he is homely and awkward."

Then Prudy spoke in her slow, solemn way: "He has seemed like a real king Arthur in disguise ever since I learned how he wore his old boots to have me get well. That was a deed as grand as that of any of the knights of the old 'Round Table.'"

How Joe would have stared and reddened at that! I've a good will to tell him, only it wouldn't be quite fair on Prudy, perhaps.

"I hope Joe will get a better wife, sometime, than poor, beautiful Guinevere made," said Cherry.

I thought Prudy's cheeks flushed up at that, but it was almost dark, and I wouldn't take my oath on it.

We talked about nothing all supper time but Joe's letter; and all of us being in a wonderfully good humor, I proposed, at last, we should try our Dream play.

We call it that because it was Prudy's dream of my earning "A Dollar a Day." It's fun sometimes to imagine the dream has come true, and that we are really rich folks.

The girls agreed; and Cherry commenced telling what a pretty new hat, trimmed with sprays of wheat and purplish heather, she would have this spring, when she suddenly broke out: "Oh, how I wish I could have it! Darley, do you believe there will ever come a time when you will earn a dollar a day?"

"It will be such an awful long time first," I said, with a horrid groan. "Miracles don't happen now-a-days, you know."

"Yes, but they do sometimes," said Prudy. "Remember that ten dollars from the strange gentleman, Cherry."

"Sure enough," she answered. "That was a miracle, wasn't it? And, oh, to think of the good it's done—paid the rent all these weeks!"

Then, I can't tell how, something went through my thoughts like a flash of lightning.

"Cherry," I cried out, "was the man who gave you the ten dollars rather tall, with thick, grayish whiskers, and a reddish complexion, and sharp black eyes, and did he wear an immense gold watch chain?"

"Why, yes. You know, Darley, I've told you all that, over and over."

"I know who he was. I've seen him this very day."

The girls were off their feet in a moment.

"Where? Who is he?"

"He's Mr. Forsyth; and he's the father of the boy who gave me the five dollars Christmas eve. I know he is the same."

"But how do you know?" cried both of the girls at once.

Then I went over with a little thing that had happened that very afternoon, and which Joe Dayton's letter had quite driven out of my mind.

Coming out of Parker's hardware store, I saw Mr. Forsyth speaking to his coachman, who was standing by the horses. As the gentleman caught sight of me, he started a little, turned and looked at me curiously with those sharp, black eyes of his. They went all over me, and something pleasant came into his face, and I am certain he was about to speak to me, when some gentleman came up and claimed his attention.

Now, as I said to the girls, "I don't know

how I know this Mr. Forsyth is the man who gave Cherry the ten dollars, only I do know it—it just flashed upon me a minute ago like lightning—and you may depend on that thing."

Cherry looked at Prudy. "I believe Darley's right," she said.

"So do I," said Prudy.

We were so excited over this discovery that we could talk of nothing else last evening.

It is all very strange; I can't understand it. I mean, the first chance I can get, to go out and look at that handsome stone house where they say the Forsyths live, less than a mile from Evergreen Park.

I saw my friend the other day, and had a bow and a smile. I always get that now-a-days. He looked, too, as though he would like to stop and speak to me, but the carriage was bounding on, and then there was company inside.

What glorious times he must have in the world! Yet the sight of the carriage and the handsome grays never rouse those black, bitter feelings that I used to have before that Christmas eve. I feel always as though I had a friend in that carriage—and so I have, bless him!

To this day I have not learned that boy's first name. People say that this Mr. Forsyth was a poor boy once, and that he made his money—I would not tell the girls last night; and I won't put it down in this book. I believe it is all a lie. Such a generous man could not have made his money in that way.

I must cut short here, for it is about time the *Evening Standard* was struck off.

"Whistle to keep your courage up," as Joe Dayton says; "you'll come out top yet." Will you, Darley Hanes—will you? That top must be a dollar a day. Well, Joe, you by sea, and I by land, have a hard road to travel; but I, too, mean to go to the bottom, if it comes to that, "doing my duty," and that seems to be for the present hawking papers round Thornley Common and Merchants' Block.

(To be continued.)

BE not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

ONE is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres.

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RUTH RAY'S CONFESSION.

BY L. E. M.

CHAPTER I.

WE are very quiet people, and we live in a quiet way—my father, Aunt Janet, and I. Our little stone house is shut away from the outer world by swelling green hills, and a brook ripples and rushes past our door, keeping the shelving lawn and the flower-beds fresh and green in the hottest August noontides. We rarely visit any one, and few of our scattered neighbors visit us; still we are content and happy in our humble way, quiet as it is. My father likes the quiet. Aunt Janet says she has grown to like it too, and I—well, there was a time when I wearied of it. Sometimes in my wayward moods I fancied that a change never would come, and wondered vaguely if I was still to go on sleeping and waking to the sunshine and the rain like the nodding lilies in the garden, till the autumn of my life came, and I should wither and droop away. I used often to think it would be better to bear a keen, sharp pain than this weary, ever-restful calm. I longed to go out into the great world, face its dangers, bear its sorrows, drink my fill of its brimming joys.

One morning, in the early spring, as I stood at the window watching the gardener prune and tie up the old rose-bush in the centre of the lawn, my father came into the room with an open letter in his hand, and after him came Aunt Janet. I saw by their faces something was amiss, and my heart bounded painfully. Was the longed-for change coming in the form of a sorrow?

"A letter from Cousin Ruth, Letty," said my father.

I clapped my hands gladly. Ruth was my idol—my beautiful cousin, who lived out in the gay world, and was one to think of with pride as belonging to us.

"What does she say, papa? Is she coming here?"

"No, child, she is going to London to stay there during the summer, perhaps the autumn, months, and she wants you to go with her."

He brought the words out slowly, gave a pause between each, looking at my aunt the while.

"Yes," he continued; "she says in the letter—it is almost a sad one, quite a sad one for her, so young and fortunate, to pen—that she

longs to see a familiar face about her, and if we would spare you to her for awhile she would be glad, more than glad—thankful."

"O father, you will!—you can—you know you can. You won't miss me much for awhile, and if she wants me so—"

"You ought to go," added my father for me.

"Yes, indeed," I said; "if you will let me."

"Let us think about the matter, Letty," said my father. "We will not act rashly even for Ruth. We must do nothing we should have to be sorry for after."

"How could my going to stay with her for a time make any of us sorry, papa? I am sure it would do me a very great deal of good. You could do without me, too. You said the other morning I was getting quite a torment. Do let me go."

I had crept close to his side, the better to coax him, turning from Aunt Janet quite. I felt instinctively she was not in favor of the plan; her words proved that I was right.

She had sat down to pour tea out without a word, but when I ceased speaking she looked up gravely.

"John," said she, "it will be a risk."

"I think not, Janet; I hope not; for something in this letter—a nameless something—seems to urge me to let her go. Ruth seems strangely lonely for a wife. It might do them both good."

"I think not, John," said Aunt Janet. "It is my belief the girl would never settle here after."

"Aunt Janet, that is unkind; it is cruel of you," I said.

She looked at me, but she did not answer my passionate interruption.

"Their life is different from our life, John—brighter, fuller, emptier, too," she added, a little bitterly, I thought. "What if it should spoil our girl?"

My father put his hand on my head, and, with one of his rare, tender smiles, looked down kindly into my tear-dimmed eyes.

"Our Letty is not so easily spoiled," said he. "I could trust to her coming back my own little girl, after all. You may trust her, too, Janet."

"Indeed she may, father," I said. "I never

could forget my own home, wherever I went, or whatever I saw."

"And you would greatly desire to go on this visit, Letty?"

He read my answer in my face ere I could speak it, and smiled a little sadly at my eager longing to roam.

"Then go you shall," he said; and so it was settled. If it had not been so, then this story had never been written.

Now I must tell you a little about Cousin Ruth, and how it was that I was so eager to go to her, apart from my wish to see London, apart from everything except my longing, intense and deep, to see her fair face again.

Ruth was the only living child of my mother's only sister; and, ever since I could remember, her name had been the emblem of all that was beautiful, and good, and gentle in our quiet home. She had lived with us for a little while; then she had married and gone away to her grand new home, leaving a void in my heart which nothing had been able to fill. She married a rich man, a Mr. Rupert Ray, a tall, handsome, grave-faced man, with a deep voice, and eyes keen, gray, and piercing, that seemed to look into your inmost thoughts. He was one of the merchant princes of the great Cottonopolis—a man who, though young, was looked up to in the city, and well spoken of; more—trusted in by men older, wealthier, more experienced than himself.

From the day I had seen Ruth looking so shy and delicate in her pretty travelling dress, I thought of her always as one of the happiest and most fortunate women I had ever known. How could I doubt it? Young, beautiful, rich, it was not possible she could be anything but happy. Of her husband I rarely thought; whenever I did, it was with wonder that Ruth should love him and marry him. He seemed grim and harsh in my eyes, not fitted to win a woman's heart—and such a woman as Ruth, above all others. When I said so to Aunt Janet, she shook her head and sighed, saying that when I was wiser and older, and knew as much of the world as she did, I should think that Mr. Ray was a very good husband for her; indeed, far richer, grander, higher in every way than our Ruth, a penniless orphan, might have looked for.

I was silenced, but not convinced. I did not like my new Cousin Rupert Ray. When I saw him in his stately home I liked him less still. He was ever courteous and polite, never cordial or friendly; even to his wife he was reserved and cold. It seemed the nature of the man.

I no longer wondered why Ruth had so wearied for a familiar face to look upon. She told me on the day of my arrival, with tears standing thick in her beautiful eyes, that it did her good to have me with her; and I believed her. That she was in want of some one or something to cheer her, I could see at a glance. Her bright temper was gone; she was dreamy and quiet, and the laugh that used to ring out so clearly I never heard now. When she was gay, it was not an easy gayety. Her mirth died out, suddenly as it came, into half-sorrowful quiet. If possible, she was more beautiful than ever, and, seeing her, I wondered more and more how she came to marry Rupert Ray.

"You have sprung up into quite a shy little country girl," she said, holding my face between her jewelled hands, and smiling into it. "I must give you a peep into life, now that I have you here. Do you know, little Letty, that you are quite pretty? I shall see you spring into a belle before I send you home to Aunt Janet, I have no doubt."

"No," I said, "that you never will. No one could think me pretty near you."

She smiled at my earnest compliment, and sat down to examine the pile of cards and letters that, as I afterwards came to know, daily littered her table.

My cousin was sought after in society; people who would never have noticed her husband, cared to know the sweet-faced little wife; so she came to be quite a fashionable woman, praised, petted, and sought after. I don't think she much cared for it all; but when her husband was away, as he often was, looking after his business in Cottonopolis, she felt lonely, and so went into company for a change.

Through the spring and summer, the quickly following gayeties took up her time and thoughts. From one scene of amusement to another she whirled me, until I began to think that the quiet days in my own lowly home had not been so very miserable after all, and to wonder if their peace and calm were not preferable to this glare and glitter, that had no shade, no end. Sometimes I begged to be left to myself, if only for one quiet evening; but Ruth would not hear of it.

"These people," she said, "are as much strangers to me as to you, Letty, though their names are on my visiting list, and they call themselves my friends. I need you to help me to endure them."

Then I began to see with clearer eyes, and to know that my fortune-favored cousin was not happy. In the centre of a troop of friends, she

alone; the envied leader of her set, she herself had no strong arm to rest upon. Her life was barren in the midst of its luxury. The gloss and the shine were only surface deep; underneath it was empty, in spite of its seeming fulness, even as Aunt Janet hinted it might be.

Rupert Ray came less frequently than ever to stay at his grand London home. "Business," he said, "must be attended to." And, to judge by the time he devoted to it, it was.

Ruth never asked him to stay. They were quite a fashionable couple; as polite as strangers to each other—nothing more. They certainly wore the shackles of the married life in the style of the best society.

Sometimes I fancied that this grave man made her fear him somewhat by his very gravity. If this be a good husband, I thought to myself, then I hope I may get a bad one.

Late in August a new whim came into Ruth's head. She would go back home to Manchester.

"I am tired of London," she said—"tired of all the people I know here. You are coming with me, Letty. Your father writes you may stay as long as you will. Aunt Janet puts in a line to say that she hopes to see you safe at home before this month is out; but we'll never mind Aunt Janet. You'll come with me," she said; and I was quite content.

Day by day I loved Ruth better. The knowledge that her life was not all bright, as I had pictured it, made me cherish her the more; and day by day I saw how much, how sorely she needed some one to love her, and in whom she might wholly trust.

"She seems strangely lonely for a wife," my father had said, reading her letter. What would he have said, I often thought, could he have read her life as I was reading it?

We left London at once, as she wished, and when we reached our journey's end we found the master of the house about to leave it. He was going into Germany. "He might be home at the end of a month," he said; "but it would possibly be three months before he returned. He hoped we should be comfortable, and enjoy ourselves during his absence."

Ruth's face was very pale. The long journey had tired her; but as she listened to the grave, measured, icy words that met her on the very threshold of her home, a tiny crimson spot leaped out on each cheek, and grew and grew till her face flamed scarlet. She made him some answer which I did not hear, and passed up to her own room quickly, her head erect, her step firm, all trace of weariness gone from her. Was she glad or sorry,

angry or only indifferent, as she seemed? I could not answer that question any more than I could many others that rose in my heart at that time.

Rupert Ray went to Germany, and his wife and I had the grand, gloomy house all to ourselves. No visitors were admitted to the presence of its wayward young mistress. She had ordered it so. The restlessness that had so possessed her in London had all gone now. I scarcely knew her in this new mood. She was gentle, passive, sad almost at times. She seemed tired of everything, her own thoughts above all. Truly she was lonely! It made my heart ache to see her.

So the sultry days dragged on, then the long August days, till they melted into September, and then October, and still the master of the house was away. Occasionally a short letter came; often she heard, through the partner in the firm, where he was and what he was doing; but with all, there was no mention of his coming home. The three months he had said he "might be away," passed slowly, and still he did not come. Then the weariness of living seemed more than Ruth could bear. She grew thin and wan; she could not laugh now if she would, and the restless pain in her beautiful eyes haunted me. I began to be more than sorry for her—I was afraid.

When I asked Ruth if she felt ill, she said: "No," and laughed at my troubled face. And once, when I hinted it would be well for her to write and tell her husband she was not feeling so strong, she turned upon me almost fiercely, saying: "I will do no such thing!—why should I? When his work is done he will come home."

I said no more, but I longed daily to see him come, as I once thought I never could have longed to see his grave, stern face.

November had set in, drear and chill, when one day we were startled out of our quiet by the arrival of my Aunt Janet. She came in one morning early, looking as calm and still as though she had just stepped across the street to see us both.

"I am come to fetch this rebellious child back again," she said. "You cannot need her any longer now you are at home."

Ruth had started up and flung her arms about my aunt's neck, in her glad surprise, and thus the two women stood and looked at each other for an instant in silence; then, with a little sharp cry, Ruth broke into a sudden passion of tears. I was too frightened to say one word, too frightened to stir almost. I

had never seen her like this before. My aunt's face, that had slowly clouded, and was grave and troubled now, frightened me still more.

"Get ready and go to Mrs. Hill, Letty," she said. "Tell her I will stay here, and she can send my things over some time to-day. Go at once, or she will be getting her rooms ready."

Mrs. Hill was an old friend of my aunt's with whom she had always stayed during her former brief visits to Manchester. I wondered much that she was not going to stay there now, but I said nothing.

I went at once as directed, for I saw I was not wanted where I was, and my eyes filled with tears to think that Ruth had some trouble in which I might not comfort her. When I came back I found her calm again, almost cheerful, and my aunt settled as comfortably as though she had lived in that stately, gloomy house all her life.

That day week Mr. Ray came home. Whether his wife was glad or sorry to see him, none could say. The time was past now when gay words, smiles, or laughter were expected from her. Should we ever look for them again? Sometimes a terrible fear would smite me that we never need.

CHAPTER II.

"Come out of the shadows, Letty, and dry your eyes," said Ruth. "See, mine are dry."

"O Ruth!" I sobbed as I crept, shivering, to the rug at her feet. "It is not true; Dr. Baylis is mistaken. I cannot believe it."

Her hand rested fondly on my bowed head for an instant, ere she answered.

"If Dr. Baylis could be mistaken, I could not, Letty. I have known this for months."

I dried the tears from my eyes the better to look up at her.

"You have known it?" I repeated. "How could you have known it? You do not look very ill even now."

"No; I shall not look 'very ill,' I expect, when I lie in my coffin. For awhile after people will go on wondering what it could be that killed me so suddenly in the flush of my youth; but the comfort is, Letty, they will none of them guess that; no, not even my husband."

She spoke softly, more to herself than to me. She seemed to be thinking deeply of some matter as she sat there, her fingers tightly locked together, gazing intently into the blazing coals, utterly forgetful of me and of my sorrow.

On the very day of his return Rupert Ray brought a physician, a man famed in his profession and out of it, to see his wife. Ruth, looking in the great man's face with her clear eyes untroubled, bade him tell her openly his opinion of her case.

"It will not shock me," she said to him, simply, "whatever it may be. I only want to hear the truth. Let me hear the whole truth, if you please."

The whole truth was that she was dying.

How her husband bore the blow I neither knew nor asked. His voice, as I heard him bid Dr. Baylis "good-by" in the hall, was firm and clear as it had ever been. When the carriage had rolled away, I, still listening, heard his study door sharply locked, and then all was silent.

To me the news was like the wrenching asunder of my own heartstrings. The bitterness of the pain was changing me from a restless girl into a quiet woman as I sat there.

"She may live a year," Dr. Baylis had said, in his melodious professional voice, that was harsher in my ears than the clang of iron, "or she may die before morning. Her life has been wasting away for some considerable time—I could almost think for years. Now it has come to be the matter of a short space, more or less, and then—"

He did not speak out the harsh truth again. Perhaps he thought the grave-faced man before him might not be able to bear its repetition. I, however, thought him capable of bearing anything that touched not himself too closely.

The evening shadows gathered round us, wrapped us in and about, till the little spot on which we sat was the only patch of light in the mass of surrounding blackness—heavy November darkness, that brought no stars. Ruth, rousing from her reverie, was the first to break the silence.

"How dark the room is, Letty! Surely it cannot be night already!"

I rose hastily, and stirred the fire into a blaze, making the flames leap up. Then I felt my way slowly through the darkness, to draw the curtains across the windows before lighting the gas. I did not care to ring for it to be lit, as usual. I felt we were both better undisturbed. Ruth stayed me.

"There is something I should like to tell you to-night, Letty, and I can talk best in the dark."

Then I sat down again on the rug at her feet, and prepared to listen. When she spoke, I knew her thoughts were in the past, and a

memory thrilled me of how the soul, when it nears its journey's end, often travels back to that journey's beginning. I had heard more than one person say this, and I thought of it now with a pang.

"You never knew my father, Letty; but your Aunt Janet could tell you that he was one of the kindest men that ever lived, and one of the most generous, I think. I was not his only child, but I was his darling. He had one other, a son, but he scarce knew where he was, whose conduct was the trouble of his life, and whom I had never seen since I was a little baby. He never came home, but he wrote often, and every letter had the one burden—money. Though I was little more than a girl, I grew to shudder at the postman's knock, and dread the sight of my brother's writing more than I dreaded anything else.

"One morning my father came out into the garden to me, carrying one of these ill-fated letters open in his hand. His face was very pale and gray—ashen gray—and his lips trembled. It seemed as much as he could do to speak, and his voice sounded strangely harsh and husky.

"The money your mother left you, the few hundreds I relied on to keep want from you when I shall be gone, could you give them up to me to-day, Ruth, if I were to ask you for them?"

"I could give up my life to-day, father, if it would save you pain," I said.

"He laid his hand—an old man's hand it was that day—on my head, and blessed me softly, looking at me with eyes dim with tears.

"I would never touch one penny of your little all, child, but to save our name from disgrace."

"He spoke sternly, and I saw something terrible had happened, but I asked no questions, and he told me little more.

"My money was drawn out from the funds and sent to my brother. I knew it was to him, though my father never said so openly. Three thousand pounds of borrowed money went with it. And from that miserable day we were in debt. I only knew that the loan had been a stern necessity, and that the name of our creditor was Rupert Ray.

"Often and often, while my father and I talked over our difficulties—for we were not rich, and the payment of this money hampered us greatly—I have sat and pictured the man who held us in his grasp, so to speak; for we were proud, and the chain of debt galled us both more than either would have owned to

the other. Always in my dreams he was old, and ugly, and harsh, ill-bred, and vulgar; and I sighed for the day to come, when, our debt paid, his name need trouble us no more.

"Do you know what it is to hate a person whom you have never seen, Letty?—to loathe the sound of his name—the very mention of his existence? I don't suppose you do; but that was the hate with which I hated Rupert Ray."

The words were spoken clearly, almost loudly, and I looked up, half doubting if this bitter, defiant woman could be my tender cousin Ruth.

"We never had a trouble until that miserable time," she said; "not a real trouble, that is. We had our difficulties, our pressing cares often, but I have since learned that those were not troubles.

"One day a foreign letter came to us, deeply edged with black. It was directed in a stranger's hand; and at first my father doubted if it were for us. But within was a blurred and blotted note from my brother, telling us that he was dying, humbly praying my father to forgive him for the pain and the trouble he had brought him all his life long.

"An enclosed and longer letter from a friend of his, who, it seemed, had been very kind to him through his brief illness, told us all about his death, and that he was buried in a corner of the little Protestant cemetery at Boulogne. They had put a tablet above him, too, with his name and age, so that if ever we went there we should be able to pick out his grave from among the stranger's mounds.

"We mourned for him, as was natural; but I think my father's heart was more at rest from that day. He felt almost thankful, I think, at times, to know that the fevered, sinful life was over—that the prodigal was gone home.

"So the weeks and the months passed quietly over us till my father died—sickened and died suddenly, without warning of any kind.

"On that terrible day, as I stood and saw them lay his white face back on the pillow, I neither sobbed nor cried. The life froze at my heart, the sight left my eyes, and I fell on the bed in a fit. For days I lay as one dead, and when I came to myself it was to find that my father was buried.

"I cannot bear even now to think of that awful time. For weeks I saw no one but old Lizzie, our faithful servant. Friends called with kind words, begging to be let into my room; but I would not see them. Your father

had not come to me then, and I sat alone and battled with my sorrow as best I could. I was like one dazed; and through all, my heart was hard and cold, it lay like a stone in my breast; and I told myself often in my bitter pain it would be well if I too was at rest, under the sods by the side of my father; for that, whether I died or lived, there was no one in the world to care for me now he was gone.

"One day Lizzie came up with an important face, bringing a card, with the message that a 'gentleman on business from Manchester would be glad of a few moments' interview."

"Rupert Ray" was the name on the card. Holding it in my hand, I knew well who my visitor was, and what his business would be. I knew, too, that the roof which covered me, the little strip of lawn before the door, white with the first snow-fall, the belt of trees at its foot; all these things which we had been wont to call ours, were mortgaged to this man, and belonged to our name no more. Yet I did not dream of avoiding the interview, now that he had sought it of me.

"Without one flutter of fear, I went down to the parlor, where he was waiting for me. The shadow of the grave was over me; I could know no deeper blackness; the pain at my heart could be no keener, let what would come. So I thought then. I dare say I looked very ghastly and wan in my long black dress; for when the tall gentleman, who stood warming his hands by the fire, saw me, he seemed to repent of his errand. He apologized for his early call. 'Another day would be perhaps more suitable, and he could wait.' But I would hear of no delay. I told him I knew the debt we owed him, and that it was my intention to pay it off in full.

"Perhaps you are not aware," said he, "that, to do so, this house and furniture would have to go? However, we will let the matter rest for the present. In a month or two we will see what arrangements can be made. It is not my wish to inconvenience you in any way."

"He rose to go, but I stayed him.

"I would prefer everything to be settled now," I said.

"He was very different from what I had pictured him, very different, but with all I could not take a favor at his hands."

The light from the fire flickered and fell; as it sank, the shadows crept closer and denser round us; the roll of carriages on the road below seemed a sound from another world. The diamond brooch at my cousin's throat shone like a watchful human eye, with each

heavy breath she drew. When she ceased speaking, the silence in the house beat upon my ear more painfully than any sound could have done.

"Do you know, Letty," she said, a little while after, opening her eyes, and looking down on me, "I have often and often wished since that he had taken me at my word; but he was not to be moved from his resolve; he went away, and left me still his debtor in my old home.

"Four months after that he came to your father's house, where I was staying, and asked me to be his wife. Your father was not a rich man then, Letty, any more than he is now. I knew I was welcome as his own child, yet I knew, too, that he could ill afford to keep me a burden at his fireside; so I told Rupert Ray I would be his wife.

"What else could I do? He was rich, and honorable, and true-hearted, I do believe; and yet what did it all avail, when I hated him as I hated no other living creature?"

Her face was white now, and the hard lines that no one suspected of lying there stood out rigid and blue about her dainty mouth. The struggle and the pain of that past time were in her heart, and my own ached as I watched her.

"I felt that my father might have been living if this man had been a generous creditor, but he was not. He was harsh, exacting, pitiless—business-like, men of the world might call it—and the fear of him ate into my father's life, and sapped his strength away.

"The night before I married him I told him this—that the memory of it would stand between him and love of mine for ever and ever, did we two live till the world was old. I had sickened over my promise by that time, and wanted to draw back—but he would not let me. I do think he must have loved me, Letty, else my bitter, stinging words would have driven him away from me forever. They, however, did not, and I really think he then loved me, in his own peculiar way."

She seemed to take a strange sort of pleasure in remembering that, and in trying to convince herself or me (which was it?) that it was true. Looking at her as she lay back in her easy chair, I, too, believed that he must have loved her then. She was not a "fine woman," as the phrase goes—far from it. She was little, and slender, and fragile-looking as a bent lily. Her grave, fathomless eyes, usually so cool and still, were flashing and restless to-night, under the lash of these old memories; and her mouth,

with its sensitive scarlet lips, fresh and tender as a child's, had a grieved quiver round it as she lay there thinking. She had a low, full brow—the brow of a poet and a dreamer, and thick, heavy lashes, dark and long, that swept her cheeks when the eyelids drooped, as they were doing now, so wearily. Her hair, a deep bronzed brown, was pushed off from her face, and over her little ears, as though its rippling wealth oppressed her; and, sitting looking at her, with the violet velvet cushion of her lounging chair for a back-ground, the blackness of the early night framing her in, as it were, I thought no earthly eyes had ever seen a more exquisite picture.

I heard the clocks in the house chime nine, and then a quarter-past, and she still sat silent. I was very still, too. I sat, staring blankly into the gloom that filled the rest of the room like a presence, trying to realize the time, so near, it might be, when this fair face and sunny hair would be gathered away from my sight forever.

It seemed, as I had cried out in my first sharp pain, that this could not be true. She was so fresh, so fair, so free from any outward token of decay, that death, as applied to her, seemed only a terrible, ghastly word that had no meaning. If she was dying slowly but surely, as the physician had said, I could not see it. All I knew was that my darling was young, and exceedingly beautiful, and that to see her slipping, fading from me, was more than I could bear.

"There," she said, abruptly, just as I had begun to think she slept, "you are crying again. Child, child! you will break my heart with your tears. Why will you?"

"I cannot help it," I said, when I could speak. "O Ruth! I feel as if my heart must break."

"Ah, but it won't, Letty. Sorrow rarely breaks the heart at one sharp wrench, or I should have been sleeping under the grass long ago. I am not the one to cry for, Letty. If I were a loved wife and mother you might weep then; but to me death will be a blessing, and life is a weariness too great to bear."

I knew she had grieved sorely when her baby had been carried out in its tiny coffin; but I never dreamed that the wound was so deep and new, as her bitter, fast-falling tears showed me it must be.

"When my boy lay dying," she said, "I prayed for his life as only those can pray who feel they are losing all they have to love and cling to in the wide, desolate earth. My prayer

was not granted—my darling was taken. The night he lay in my arms, stiff and white, with the awful beauty that comes only after death, on his baby face, I felt I could not live long after him. I could have told you then what Dr. Baylis has told you to-day, and I could tell you the reason, which he could not—I had nothing to live for."

"O Ruth!" I said, "you had your husband."

"My husband!" she replied. "Have I not told you I hated him the day I married him? Perhaps I hate him even now. Sometimes I think I do. Whenever I wanted to learn to love him I knew he would not let me. You are young, Letty; as yet your life is full of loving faces; but if ever you are left so that you have to listen dumbly for a loving word, and never hear it, you will know a little of the aching want that has been eating my heart out through all these weary years."

Her face seemed stiffening as she spoke; my heart thrilled at the awful change that had crept into it, and I sprang to my feet in dismay. As I did so, a step sounded near, and Rupert Ray came forward into the circle of light from the fire, stood out at once like a ghost from among the shadows, and I did not even wonder that he should be there.

"You have let her talk too much to-night."

That was all he said; then he stooped and lifting her in his arms, carried her out into the hall, and up to her own room, as if she had been an infant; and I followed, the tears frozen at my heart by sudden, terrible, overmastering fear. Were Dr. Baylis's fateful words about to become true? Was she to die ere morning?

CHAPTER III.

We laid her down in her death-like faint, and sent for Dr. Baylis; an hour later he was standing by her bedside, watch in hand, counting her pulse with face grave and inscrutable.

"She has been disturbed, excited," he said.

"I warned you she was not able to bear it."

He looked at her husband, as though to charge him with the neglect, but he did not see the look, scarcely seemed to hear the words even. He was standing mute at the foot of the bed, his clasped hands resting on the carved board, his eyes bent on his wife's white face.

After some time—a time that to me seemed hours long—the hands I was chafing closed on mine with a little feeble pressure; then her eyes slowly opened, but only to close again

wearily. The doctor, watching keenly, seemed relieved.

"She has recovered from the faint now," he said. "All I can recommend is silence—perfect silence and rest. Keep her lips moist with wine, and let her sleep as long as she will. I will come again in the morning."

He looked at his watch with the air of a man who had many calls on his time, and went down to his carriage attended by Rupert Ray.

When the carriage wheels had rolled away into the stillness and fog of the November night, my Cousin Rupert came softly back and stood at his former post, in his former position almost, save that now his head was more bent, as beneath a weight of sudden grief, and his face was as white as the still face he watched so earnestly. I feared to stir. He never moved; and so the hours slipped by us, faint-hearted watchers, in that weary room.

Later on, when the night was almost gone, in that awful silent hour that comes before the dawn, when the darkness was a thing to be felt and no pulse or stir spoke of life in the world, a sudden fear fell on my heart, and I looked silently with blanched face at the quite mute figure keeping watch, and it seemed to me that Ruth was dying in her sleep, slipping from us in that awful silence without sign or token. He read my look, or else his own heart felt the fear, for he bent above her, trembling. I put my hands to my lips to force back my terrified cries; yet neither spoke; no speech was needed; we understood each other all too well. The shaded lamp threw a dull gray light on her quiet face, and the heavy shadows of pain lay thick upon it. So we stood breathlessly watching, very cowards in our love and fear.

Slowly, as it seemed with the growing day, the ashen hue left her face, and its rigid lines softened. My heart leaped gladly up.

"She is not worse," I said; and for that I was thankful.

Her husband stole back to his place, looking old and haggard, I could not but see, with his long night vigil. She had been ordered rest and quiet, so we watched patiently on. Suddenly, with a convulsive start, when he least expected it, her large eyes opened.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

He came forward at the unlooked-for call, and bent over her; then, with one glance at his face, changed and marked through strong emotion, she stretched out her feeble hands to meet his, yearningly, whispering softly to him in her low, faint voice.

"At last, Ruth!—my own love!—my wife!"

he cried; and in the sudden flush of joy, breaking like a blessed light over his stern face as his soul went out in that passionate cry, I saw my Cousin Rupert in a new character, and knew how cruelly I had misjudged him.

I stole softly out, leaving them alone with their new-found joy, my heart throbbing with thanks all too deep for words for this great good, which I looked upon already almost as a granted blessing.

"She will not die—she will not die!" so I told myself over and over again in my overwhelming joy and gratitude, as I stood by my window and watched the pale pink and opal dyes deepening in the gray sky, till at last, as I stood there, all the east grew aflame with crimson.

And I was right—the Angel of Death had turned aside from our darling, called back, ere his work was done, by that same tender, all-pitying, all-powerful voice, that of old bade the dead arise.

* * * * *

Once more I was at home. It was spring again, and the gardener was busy among the flowers as he was on that past spring morning when I had stood looking out at him, so weary and listless. But this spring all was different. I was weary and listless no longer, nor was I alone, as before; Cousin Ruth was with me—Ruth, our darling, our household treasure, whom we had been so tenderly and carefully nursing back to life during the past three months; and not Ruth only, but Cousin Rupert also. He had left his counting-house and warehouses to the care of others, and come down to our quiet house to keep his young wife company. He no longer urged that "business must be attended to;" and Ruth, a very tyrant in her new-found power, would not have listened to him if he had.

Standing there in the sunshine, with the breeze from the hills coming to us, and the sweet, subtle scent of the honeysuckle and jasmine stealing up from their nooks by the brook-side, we two, Ruth and I, stood and talked of the day her letter of invitation came to me; and after a little while we talked, too, of the events which had followed it.

"Do you know, Letty," she said, "poor Rupert heard all the hard things I said of him in my blind pain that night? But he has forgiven me for every one of them," she added, softly. "All our married life we had been like strangers to each other, cold and proud; but now all that is over and done with forever. We know each other at last."

Her face brightened with its old radiant smile; and Rupert Ray, coming into the room at that moment, saw it, and smiled back, as I had used to think he never could have smiled.

"No more confessions, Ruth," he said.

She blushed rosily, as any shy girl might, and half sighed as she looked up at him.

"I have no more to make, Rupert," she replied, "except that I have been very blind all these years, and very thankless."

Blind and thankless! From how many hearts among us might not the same cry arise? Blind we too often are to the great joys lying at our feet; thankless, cruelly thankless, for the love and the care and the full heart-store lavished upon us. It would be well for us if our plea were always met by the same loving-kindness and patient long-suffering, strong to endure and to forgive, that our Ruth read in her grave-faced husband's eyes that day.

When our charge was over and done with, and Ruth was looking her bright self again, the two, husband and wife in heart as well as in nature now, left us and went back to their city home. Then the little gray stone house fell back into its accustomed quiet.

Reading the merry, piquant letter, brimful of joy and content, that Ruth sent to us on her arrival at home, my father pushed his glasses back and looked at my Aunt Janet.

"Did I not tell you, Jenny, it would do Ruth good to have Letty with her? Something seemed urging me to let the child go, and I am thankful now, more than words could tell, that I yielded to it."

"Still, John, as I said then I say now—it was a risk."

"Letty has come back to us; our own Letty still, Janet."

"She might not have done so."

"Might not," said my father, thoughtfully. "Our lives are ever full of those mysterious 'might nots' and 'might have beens.' Let us be thankful that things are as they are. We have our own girl here—unchanged."

Was I? No: the same girl I never could be—never had been, from the time that a certain pair of blue eyes and a tangle of fair golden hair stole my heart away during those quiet days that I kept Ruth company in her grand city home. The world called the owner of the blue eyes and the fair curls, Gordon Shaw, partner in my Cousin Rupert's business; but I called him—my love. My own he was, and I knew it. I knew, too, that a long letter was shortly coming to tell my father all about it. And when the letter came, and immedi-

ately after the letter the writer of it, eager to enforce his claim, my father, as usual, looked to Aunt Janet for counsel in the emergency; and I looked, too, expecting not counsel but reproof.

We got neither; only my quiet, stately aunt seemed to lose her voice for a second, as she softly smoothed my hot cheeks, and smiled on me through a mist of tears.

"She must have left us some day, John; I think she has chosen well," she said, when the mist had cleared and her usual calm had come back to her.

Gordon bowed gratefully over her offered hand, while I loved her more than ever, if that were possible. And thus the greatest and most blessed change of my life came to me, for Gordon and I were engaged, and the restless longing of my heart was stilled forever. I no longer asked to roam; I no longer wearied for gayety. I was content to stay in my home and wait—wait with glad hope for the time when I should have one of my own, with Gordon Shaw for its head and master.

Often, sitting dreaming in the quiet, my thoughts would go back to that November night, when I listened, in wondering silence, to Ruth's strange story. Out of those thoughts strong lessons and warnings rose, that my heart did not fail to cherish. Dangerous places showed out clearly in the light of her bitter experience; pitfalls, that had wellnigh proved fatal to her feet, shone as lights before mine—so that through all my life I think I shall have cause to be thankful that ever I heard "RUTH RAY'S CONFESSION."

TO ALICE.

BY MARY E. M'MILLAN.

DEAR Alice, I wonder if thoughts like mine
E'er come to ruffle your calm life's joys?
Do you ever sigh for a vanished smile?

Do you ever weep for a silent voice?

Our steps that mingled together once,
Now lie in widely different ways;
But thought is as free as the air, you know—
Say! think you ever of other days?

Those days were blissful—and yet, ah! me,
How many that loved us then are true?
(Those "over the river" watch over us yet)
But of those that are living, say, Alice, are you?

IT is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

No. IV.

A GIRL friend of mine, Lyd. Mason, a wide-awake, enthusiastic Methodist, coaxed me to put our bay mare Humbug in their new top-carriage, last fall, and go with her to attend the Northern Ohio Conference.

Now Lyd. can go to such meetings and enjoy them as much as men do. She understands all about resolutions, and motions, and amendments, and amendments to amendments, and all these things that are not housewifely and common to women. A touching little incident occurred while there that I shall never forget.

There were two men, both D.D.'s, desiring the presidency of a university. Both wanted it in a modest way. The younger, a meek, fair-faced, pure man, on whom it seemed God had set his seal of suffering, rose, and presented his claims in a quiet, unobtrusive way.

His opponent, a large, rosy, portly man, of remarkably fine physique, then arose, and presented his claims.

Although his words were fair and glozing, and rather kind, the poison of asps was on his tongue. Each one had his friends, and they pushed forward the claims of their respective man.

At last, the elder one grew personal. Without a moment's warning, and before the good old gray-haired Bishop could raise his hand or his voice, he tore away, as though it were a mere drapery, the covering and the privacy, and his brother's poor, sad, ill-starred life was exposed to view.

He held it up, a hideous thing. It was quickly done, but we all saw it, and for an instant shuddered at the sight.

We looked at the victim—the grace of God was given him abundantly in that moment. He was as pale as though his heart stood still and cold; his white hands nervously worked together, as the dying man clutches at the bed-clothes and grasps at nothingness; anon his cold fingers would thread the silken lengths of his beard, then aimlessly gather up the curly hair that was pushed away from his pallid brow. His gray eyes were blue as steel, and his lips dry and parted. I could see them move, even as the lips of the dying move after speech has gone from them forever. Oh, it was very sad!

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Suddenly the Bishop rose, gray-haired, and graceful, and benign, and beautiful beyond the mere pink-and-white and healthful flush of youth, or of manhood, and the wave of his hand had an eloquence in it that was more powerful than the thunder or the magnetism of the orator who holds the audience as it were in the hollow of his hand. We feared lest the injured man should rise and retort—he seemed so set apart of God, that we feared lest he would prove too human and rise, and the halo would fade away like a vapor, His signet fall from the deeply chiselled white face, and the man human would stand in the place of the man triumphant, sanctified, canonized.

This thought, or fear, must have been universal in the audience, for it outspoke just then—the thought assumed a tangible form; for an old man, tottering and gray, with a face almost saintly, rose from his seat at the farther end of the church, and leaning on his staff, tremblingly and slowly walked the length of the long aisle, and reaching out his old hand, grasped that of the injured friend, and held it long, and shook it warmly and tenderly. He spoke not a word. The spell, and horror, and chill that had frozen the blood of the poor brother was gone. They looked into each other's eyes, and the victim of slander saw there that he was beloved, trusted, vindicated, and believed. The vote was called for immediately—a rising vote. Which shall be the honored President of — University?

There was a rustling and a shuffling all through the house, as though the congregation were rising to sing

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; but it was to give the overwhelming vote in favor of the "Child of the Conference"—the noble young man who had set aside wealth, and honor, and fame, and the world's applause, and the preferences of his parents, to go forth a poor Methodist minister, to "preach Christ and him crucified." Perhaps the opponent received half a dozen votes.

The newly elected president arose, and in a low voice thanked the Conference for the kindness and love and trust given him. The meekness of the blessed Saviour was in the few words he spoke.

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I looked around at Lyd., and her eyes were full of laughter.

"Why, Miss Potts, what did you mean?" she said; "women don't vote; they arn't allowed to; and here you've been standing up as tall and as straight as a poplar, voting with the Conference! Oh, my, what shall I do, I am so diverted!" and she held her head down and stuffed her mouth full of handkerchief, while she shook with suppressed laughter. "Dear me! Pipesey, daughter of Deacon Potts, an out-and-out, square-toed Baptist, getting up and voting right among the learned, wise, sedate members of Conference!"

"Did I vote, really, Lyd.?" said I, rubbing my eyes with my fists, as though I had been asleep, or absent from the flesh. "Well, I cannot help it now. I was so excited that I had to do something. If I'd not effervesced in that way, maybe I'd hurrah'd, or swung my cotton umbrella, or tossed up my silk calash with the yellow daisies in it, or did something a great deal worse. But for fear they take me to task for it, let us start home before the services close." So we had a man hurry and hitch up Humbug, and our top-carriage wheels were humming homewards in less than twenty minutes.

Lyd. promised never to tell the Deacon, and he'll never know of my transgression, unless he reads it in the "Baptist Banner," and that is the most unlikely thing in the world.

I had to tell grandma all about the proceedings, and how the Bishop appeared, and the heads of the sermons, and of the music, and everything; but I was very careful to leave out about my standing up among the preachers and voting. She told me I must lay aside my slate-colored allipack dress, and not wear it again until I went to Baptist Association; that likely I would see Deacon Skiles there, and she wanted I should be appearing well; that the deacon was a likely, well-to-do man, honest and pious, and a rare good provider, and I would be lucky if he chose me for to fill the place of his deceased pardner.

The hot blood flew over my face, and I could feel it just the same as when I peep into the out-door oven to see if the loaves are baking; but I said not a word of all that was in my heart.

Poor old grandma would think a woman honored if she could be the lawful wife of a man who kept for her eight Alderney cows, and allowed her to do all the milking, skimming, scalding, and churning, and then—generous husband—permit her to have half the profits.

"That is the prettiest sun-bonnet I've seen this many a day," I said to the children as I saw a lady closing the gate after her, and then rest her elbow on the post and stand and look at the picturesque clump of native trees just below the house at the turn of the road.

It was a brown-and-white, small-checked, gingham bonnet, with raised cords run in it, a full cape, and ties of the same fastened in a bow-knot behind.

"I wonder who she is?" said Ida; but just then she turned round, and who should it be but Cousin Barbara, wife of young Stephen Tucker Stump, who lives over at Taylor's mill. She looked very sweet and clean, and I saw the rosiness—the result of the brush and sponge and sweet-scented toilet soap—was lingering about her yet. But, woman fashion, she had washed, and re-washed her face, and bathed her eyes, to take away the traces of a good cry. But I am too old a woman to be deceived thus; and I felt a little tremor quivering in my voice as I tried to say cheerily, "This is glorious weather that we are having, Bab; how the October lingers, and lingers! and the leaves are so green, and golden, and flamy, and beautiful, and the flowers make one as glad as they did in July! How are your flowers? Is your ever-blooming rose as pretty as ever?"

Oh, in my efforts to make her glad, and to forget the tears of an hour before, I had torn open the very hurt that I was trying not to touch!

She leaned her arms on the table beside her, buried her face in them, and boohoo'd right out in a full-sized, painful, agonizing cry.

"Why Barbara Stump!" said I; "did you come all the way over to Cousin Pip's just to take a good storm of a cry, you poor thing? Don't now, Barbie; come! I just knew, as soon as I saw your bright, clean face, that you'd been indulging in a bit of womanly recreation; so there now, dear! Well, bawl it out, if you must, ha, ha!" and I tried to laugh patronizingly, as I smoothed her light-brown braids, and patted her shoulders. "Deary me, I don't know what we women would do if we hadn't the luxury of tears now and then!"

Her sobs grew farther and farther apart, and at last she turned her head over sideways, and catching her breath, said: "Tucker—he—" I leaned forward and put my hand over her mouth, and shook my head, saying, "My dear coz, if there's anything serious at all between you and your husband, why *please* don't tell me. Why I am an old maid, Pipesey Potts, and would make the very worst kind of a

confidant, dont you see? Husband forsooth! I wouldn't know when they did right or wrong; wouldn't know how to manage one of 'em; couldn't guess when to praise and when to blame, when to pot or when to scold, how to feed, or advise, or counsel, or drive, or coax, or manage.

"Then a wife, I think, should never tell any one but her Heavenly Father of her own troubles and disappointments, and the trials incident to married life."

Bab's eyes were twinkling by this time, despite the red swollen lids, and the red nobby nose, and the purple of her cheeks; she began to look real pretty and happy, and the dimples dotted her chin and the corners of her mouth, and at last she said: "I declare I ought to be ashamed, coming over here to Uncle Adonijah's, and sitting right down and giving you a free entertainment, without being invited, too." Then we all laughed together, Ida, and Lily, and Bab, and I.

"Well, now the shower is over, I'll tell you what it is. You see, Tucker wants to make his last payment on the saw-mill next spring, and he depends on selling a lot of fat hogs in March. He has twenty-six pigs of all sizes, from those that would weigh one hundred and seventy, down to little thin fellows, three months old. He says there is nothing better for them than to let them run out, and root, and dig, and have their liberty, until it is time to begin to feed them for winter. So he turned them out, and they rooted down the front gate, and all came into the yard this forenoon, and rooted up into heaps all the pretty green sod in the front yard. They laid bare the roots of the roses, and lilies, and dahlias, and peonies, and just tumbled everything up like a lot of children would feather beds, and pillows, and bolsters.

"The winding path in the front yard, that the preacher said was poetry itself, is as completely gone as is the old meadow path in which I used to walk to school ten years ago.

"Oh, I did feel so sorry! I sat right down on the stone steps in the path, and howled like a poor dog. I thought of the toil I had put there, the digging, and shovelling, and the carrying of sod and placing it, and the watering of the plants and flowers, and of my poor hard black hands that had become horny in using the mattock, and shovel, and wheelbarrow, and I did feel as though I had been shamefully treated. And then to make it worse, Tucker heard me crying, and came to the house scared, and called me a dunce and a big booby! Pos-

itively, if Indiana had been no farther away than uncle's, I do believe I would have gone over there and applied for a divorce. Tucker said I might just as well take it coolly as not—that the grass would grow again; just as though he could make me believe that that tumbled-up grass-plat would take root, and grow smooth and pretty again." Here her voice quivered, and I feared another flow of bitter tears. I felt very sorry for Barbara. Oh, I told her how sadly I remembered when I was a blooming girl of seventeen, how my poor heart went out in worshipful admiration to the flowers—how enthusiastically I *did* love them, and how I starved for their tender ministry, but it was sternly denied me. I never wept sadder tears than I did once, when, in my lonely prison walls, the third story of a bare, bleak log house, walking for months backward and forward at the monotonous spinning-wheel, I glanced up at my windows, and saw the strong morning-vines that festooned them drooping and wilted. I hurriedly looked down to the ground, and saw the white sides of a half dozen pigs complacently turned up to the sunshine, as they slept in among the damp roots they had dug out and killed.

My one joy and delight was gone, my soul was lacerated, and I lay down with my face on the floor and cried bitterly. There would have been a grain of comfort had the words, "I am sorry for you," been spoken feelingly; but immoderate laughter only greeted me. Poor Barbara! I said to her, "We women can bear great trials like heroes; we can suffer, and be strong and brave; we can endure as much as wild Indians, and not falter; we can uphold strong men when they break down, and are as weak as children; we can lead them out of trials, and difficulties, and litigation, and unreasonable anger, and malice, into sunny valleys, and almost make saints of them. When they are perplexed and know not which way to turn, we solve their difficulties for them, and point the right way; we make them more manly, and noble, and unselfish; and yet we do not go out of our own sphere to do this; we do not take one step out of our way.

"We can bear pain, and loss, and poverty, and bereavement, and sorrows untold; crosses heavier than man's strong shoulders could carry; taunts, and unkind allusions, and harsh words from those who may not understand or appreciate us; motives may be attributed to us that our true natures would scorn—all this, and more—and yet how weakly we bear the loss of a favorite flower, or a pet canary, or

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some little fancy of ours, that comes near to our finest sensibilities!

"I am often ashamed of myself, so strong, yet so weak. Many a time when a great little sorrow like yours comes right up in my face, and meets me fairly in combat, I square myself and think a minute, and say: 'Oh, it does hurt; I am so hurt! but in one year, or two years from this time, there will not be a trace of it. Now it overwhelms me—covers me—fights me like an assassin; but it will pass away, as passes the circles in the still water when I drop down a tiny pebble; it will go away and leave no trace, no more than does the echo that answers my voice from yon high hill-top.'

"Then I sing Old Hundred, or Coronation, or China, or some of those grand old jubilant hymns as I go about my work, and they lift me up, buoyantly as lifts the wild sea waves the light shallop that tosses on its surface."

Barbara's face put on a sweet, subdued expression, and I told her to carry all this homely philosophy of her Cousin Pip's home with her, and if she could use any of it, to do so. I know of no better way, in my groping blindness, than this odd line I have marked out for myself, and found good enough to recommend to others.

Ida came in just then very opportunely, with a cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter for Cousin Barbara; and she went home feeling a great deal better than when she came.

I have learned one thing, and that is, if an evil or an annoyance comes upon me, and it cannot be set aside, to try and bear it cheerfully, and not fret, and fuss, and make the trouble ten times harder to be borne; but such reasoning is difficult to be understood by one young and impatient and enthusiastic. The world is full of women like poor Cousin Barbara.

EVERY man builds his own house; builds it many-chambered, fresh-ventilated, picture-hung, vine-wreathed, guest-full; or low-pent, bare-wall, flowerless, inhospitable—just in accordance with his inner nature. Precisely as the internal force of affinity in the mollusk lays hold of and aggregates round itself the fine lime particles in the sea-water, so does the internal force in the human soul lay hold of and aggregate around itself what it wants.

EVERY person complains of the badness of his memory; but none of their defective judgment.

"ON THE SHORE."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

"On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives and children of the fishermen gather at sunset, and sing a wild, sweet melody, till the answering notes come floating over the waves, telling that the loved ones are homeward bound.

We cannot tell how pure and glad
That blended song would be
To those brave souls who toil all day
In rowing on the sea;
Some chord should answer in the soul
To that sweet evening song,
Some voice we love be lifted there
Amid the gathered throng.

Ah, love would thrill the weary heart!
Love, whispering soft, and low,
"For thee one heart doth wait to-night!
With yearning thoughts, I know."
O ye, whose voices blend, to night,
Upon the shining shore,
We never yearned toward heavenly rest
Till ye had passed before!

No answering chord within the heart
There ever, ever seemed,
Till lips we loved had taken up
The song of the redeemed.
O sweet, glad thought! they watch for us,
Toiling in rowing yet!
They see our life-barks cut the foam,
Hard for the haven set!

Beloved, on the heavenly shore
How sweetly we are drawn!
Our soul trills through fine chords to-night,
To rifted notes of song!
The sea of life is still; we drift
From every soul apart
How gladly! and we strive to hush
The beating of our heart.

And leaning so, we list, and yearn,
To catch each rifted tone,
More sweet, and faint than echoes are
Whose mystic wings have grown
Aweary; yet, however faint
These waft from o'er life's sea,
They touch our hearts, and so we guess
What the new song will be.

To repent what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish.

CONCERN is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

WHAT THE PUBLIC LOST.

BY MARY ELLA HURTT.

"GIRLS," said Joe Henderson, looking meditatively at a pile of books lying on the table at her side, "what a grand thing it must be to be an authoress; I would give all I possessed in the world to gain fame and literary honors."

We all glanced up in surprise as Joe spoke. There had been a perfect silence for the last five minutes, broken only by the whispered "One, two, three," of Lily Armbrustar, who was busily crocheting a gay sephyr tidy, and the scratching of a pen over the paper as another of the party worked diligently in the preparation of the morrow's lessons.

We were a party of six merry, light-hearted school-girls, gathered that cold March night in Mrs. Lindenmeyer's comfortable sitting-room. We were inseparable friends, attending the same school, and living in close proximity to one another; and scarcely an evening passed without finding us assembled at the house of one of the girls, each bringing with her the lessons for the next day, to which we would devote the first hour; after these were committed to memory, we would have a pleasant chat, or perhaps a quiet game of checkers or cribbage; sometimes impromptu charades would be the evening's programme; and a more innocent, happier assemblage of girls could never be found.

On this particular evening we had all finished our respective tasks, with the exception of Mollie Archer, whose pen was gliding rapidly across the paper as she bent over the last page. Some of the party were reading, and the others employed upon some light articles of fancy work.

Only one of the group was idle; this was Kate Carroll, who, curled snugly up in the corner of the lounge, was watching us with half-closed eyes. Kate scorned the insinuation that she was lazy, and would stoutly declare that no one accomplished more than she did, although she owned she *did* like to lounge a little in the evening.

Joe Henderson, who had uttered the sentence at the beginning of our story, was a slender girl of fourteen, with fair complexion, almost childish face, and very light hair, cut short, and standing out boldly in every direction; no one, to my knowledge, ever saw it parted straight,

and, as Kate Carroll used to say, "The part of Joe's hair looked as if it had lost its way, and was travelling first in one direction and then in another." She was clad in a short, dark-brown dress, with a little blue flannel jacket thrown carelessly around her. Any stranger, to have heard her words and then glanced at her appearance, would have laughed outright; but upon us, who considered Joe as an oracle on any subject, her words created a profound sensation.

Lily Armbrustar, the youngest of the group, who was seated on a low stool at Joe's side, looked up lovingly, and said in a sympathetic tone: "Why don't you write a book, then, Joe? I know you could;" and she slid her little hand into Joe's, and laid her head upon her knee.

Lily was a delicate child of twelve, as fragile as the flower whose name she bore, and was petted by every one. In her eyes, Joe was a paragon of virtue, and Lily was never happy when absent from her side.

Joe smiled kindly down upon the uplifted face, and said sorrowfully: "I wish I could, darling; but I am afraid that my ambition is greater than my intellect; but if Lou Lindenmeyer would try, I know that *she* would succeed," glancing at Lou, who was deep in the mysteries of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and too much interested in the fate of its little heroine to heed anything around her; but as she heard her name mentioned, she raised her head and said inquiringly:

"Did you speak to me?"

"Joe was saying that you could write a book if you would try," explained Lily.

"I write a book!" exclaimed Lou. "Why, I would be the happiest girl in the world if I could; but it is impossible."

"Eureka!" suddenly cried Kate Carroll, springing into an upright position, and clapping her hands with delight. "I know what we can do, girls; let us *all* try together, and see what kind of a story we can write. It could be nothing less than *grand*, with so much talent employed in the production of it.

"You know the old saying about *too many cooks*," said Mollie Archer, who, having finished her writing, had joined the circle, and now spoke for the first time.

"But," persisted Kate, eagerly, "it would be

the easiest thing in the world to write a novel, if every one of us would help. Oh! wouldn't it be splendid; just imagine seeing it in print, and saying to yourself, 'I wrote that.'

"But how would we get it published?" said Lou, thoughtfully; "would we have it issued in book form, or would we send it to some periodical?"

"Well, I incline to the periodical," said Kate, after a moment's thought; "because," argumentatively, "it would be very thrilling, of course, and it would be so nice to have folks read it, and just as they get to the most interesting part, they would find that it was 'To be continued.' Oh! wouldn't they be mad? I would just like to see them about that time." And madcap Kate fairly bounced up and down upon the lounge, in the exuberance of her glee. "Yes, it certainly must be either a magazine or a newspaper."

"Will it be very long," asked Lily, with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, my, yes!" said Kate; "you don't suppose that six heads combined would write a short story! What do you say to my proposal, girls?"

"I can answer only for myself," said Lou; "but I think it is a capital idea."

"And I," and I," echoed Mollie and Lily.

"I would be as much pleased as you are with the idea, if I thought we would succeed," said Joe; "but as dearly as I would love to be an authoress, still I fear none of us have the requisite talent to undertake such a difficult task, as I know this would be."

"Difficult!" said Kate, scornfully; "why it would be mere child's play. The combined efforts of six intelligent girls not enough to write one novel; humph!"

"Nell," continued she, turning to me, "you are sitting there as demurely as a Quakeress; what is your opinion of our project?"

"I think," said I, bluntly, "that Joe is the only sensible one among you; but, of course, if you are all bent upon the undertaking, I will not say one word to discourage you, and you are heartily welcome to any assistance I can give you."

"That's a darling," said Kate, giving me a ferocious hug, thereby disarranging my collar and scratching my cheek. I gave her a gentle pinch to restore her equanimity, and then we all settled down to discuss the projected story.

"How long do you think it will take to write it, Kate?" said Mollie, in a perfect flutter of excitement. "Can't we commence right off?"

"Yes," replied Kate, "there is no time like the present, you know, and if we commence it to-night we can very probably finish it to-morrow or next day. Isn't there a proverb that says, 'Always take time by the top-senot?'"

"Forelock," corrected Joe, with an expression of horror at Kate's mistake.

"Well, forelock, then; it don't matter, they both mean the same thing," said Kate, with asperity; "but that has nothing to do with the subject in hand. Lou, get some paper, and we will commence now."

Lou opened her desk, and after looking carefully through it, said in a disappointed tone: "I can find only one quire; will that be enough to commence upon?"

"Well, I suppose we will have to make it do for to-night," said Mollie, who was impatient to begin, "and we can buy some more to-morrow."

Lou produced the paper, and we all drew our chairs a little closer in the circle, and assumed the dignified expression befitting literary celebrities.

"Who is to be the amanuensis?" inquired Joe, in a melo-dramatic tone; "for, of course, one of us will have to transfer to paper the glowing words that fall like gems from the eloquent lips of the respective members of this assembled company. There! wouldn't that be a splendid sentence for our story? it has rather a poetical sound, I think."

"Yes, capital; just jot that down, Joe," said Kate, "and we will use it when occasion requires; and I guess you might as well do all the writing, for I am too lazy, and none of the others can write well enough."

"Why, Kate Carroll," cried Lou, "whoever said you could write better than the rest of us? You blot every sheet of paper you use, and if you write the book, we will have to apply the words of a certain poet to ourselves, and repeat dolefully—

'I certainly meant something,

When first this book I writ;

But dear knows what this book means now,

For I've forgotten it.'"

That is the idea, but I slightly altered the words. And now I have one request to make before we commence, and it is simply this, I want the hero to be named either 'Fitzmaurice or Fitzgerald,' they are my favorite names and they have such a romantic sound."

"No," said Kate, decidedly, "I was the one that proposed the book, and I will not have a hero with *fits*."

"Don't be spiteful, Kate," said I; "we all know that your chirography is nothing to boast of; but that is no disgrace; and if you spend the evening in disputing, we will never get the story commenced."

"Yes, do begin," impatiently exclaimed Mollie Archer. "What is it to be about—and what is to be the name of it?"

"One question at a time, if you please," said Joe, with an assumption of dignity, as he drew her chair up to the table, and arranged paper and pen within reach of her hand. "Suppose each of us gives her idea of what the book ought to be like, and whichever we think the best we can use."

"Very good," said Mollie; "and as Lou is hostess and the oldest of the party, we will hear her views upon the subject first."

Lou spent several minutes in deep thought, and then said slowly and hesitatingly: "How would it do to have the hero and heroine devotedly attached to one another, and on the eve of marriage a designing villain shall come forward, and threaten to publish to the world a terrible secret which he has discovered in reference to the young lady's father, and will keep silence only on condition that she will become his wife. Fearing that her father will die of grief and shame if his secret is known to the world, she consents to marry him; and then in the end the hero can come forward and prove that the secret is no secret at all, but merely a plausible story invented by the villain to frighten the heroine into a marriage with himself? Of course it will end happily; the lovers will get married, and their enemies will be punished for their wickedness."

Kate had listened with gradually widening eyes, and as Lou paused she exclaimed: "Aint you a pretty one, Lou Lindenmeyer, sitting there telling us 'David Copperfield' all over again, and trying to make us believe that you made it up yourself! Why, any child could see that that was nothing but the story of Agnes Wickfield and David Copperfield. I own Dickens is a pretty good author, but we don't want any *second-hand* plots."

"It isn't one bit like David Copperfield," said Lou, indignantly, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes; "I composed it all myself; and I think it sounds splendidly."

"Never mind, Lou," said I; "let us hear what Kate has to say; I have no doubt her plot will excel anything ever before heard of in American literature."

"Well," said Kate, "I don't want any of your namby-pamby sort of novels; I want

something with a terrible mystery all through the book, and the heroine getting out of a scrape in one chapter only to get into another in the next, and then in the end she can find out that she isn't herself at all, but somebody else—stolen away when she was a baby, you know. And, oh! I'll tell you what *would* be splendid—let her fall in love with her *own* brother, and just as they are going to be married she can discover who she is, and faint away at finding it out; and when she revives she can be clasped in the arms of her long-lost parents; and then she can discover that she only loved Victor St. Clair (that must be his name) as a *brother* all the time, and she can turn around and marry some *real* nice fellow that we can have all ready waiting for her in the book. There now," said Kate, triumphantly, as she paused for breath—for she had rattled out these words without a moment's hesitation—"who can ask anything better than that? But, of course, we will hear what the others have to say before we decide which plot we will make use of," and she looked complacently around, as if challenging us to excel her in talent, if we could.

"That all sounds very well," said Lou, who was still smarting under the imputation that she had plagiarized; "but if I write a novel, I want the heroine to have more stability of character than to love one man until the end of the book and then turn around and marry another."

"Why, what do you want her to do?" retorted Kate, flaring up. "You surely don't want her to marry her brother! But I have just thought of a *splendid* plan. Suppose we say that, just as the lovers are plunged in grief at finding they are so nearly related, they discover that he *aint* her brother after all, but a foundling left at the door in a basket; and, to cap the climax, he will turn out to be the son of some great count or lord, and they can get married in style."

"Oh!" said Mollie, "that will be grand. But what do you think, Joe; are you satisfied with Kate's proposed plot?"

Joe hesitated for a moment, and then replied slowly: "I have no doubt it would make a very thrilling novel. But don't you think, girls, that an American book, written by six intelligent American girls, ought to have some better object in view than affording an hour's amusement for thoughtless readers? I say, let the heroine be a good, loving Christian girl, whose noble conduct and loving self-sacrifice, through the entire book, will serve as a model for those of our readers who are striving to conquer their

faults, and seeking to look above the foolish frivolities of this world to a better and brighter sphere. What a grand thing it would be if we could do even a *little* good in the world; and if there is any talent in our book, let it be employed in our Master's cause."

Joe's voice had become tremulous as she spoke, and there were tears in the eyes of all, for we all knew and sympathized with Joe's feelings upon the subject of religion.

"Haven't you any suggestions to make, Nellie?" inquired Lou, after a few minutes' pause.

"No," replied I; "what Joe has said expresses all that I could say on the subject; and I think if we adopt *that* style our story will meet with a more cordial reception than a sensational novel would."

"O dear!" said Kate; "just fancy me pointed out by persons as the authoress of a 'Moral Story for Young Folks.' I would never dare to laugh again; and I suppose I should have to act like this," and she drew down the corners of her mouth, and with a severe look at each of us, said solemnly: "No levity, young ladies; no levity; I can allow no jesting upon serious subjects; it grieves me to the heart to see your worldliness; if you will accept a word of advice from so humble a person as myself, I would recommend to your perusal my book, entitled 'Sweet Clover for Lost Sheep;' and the wild girl assumed such an air of mock seriousness that none of us could resist a smile at her representation of a moral authoress."

Just at this moment a loud ringing of the door bell startled us, and, glancing at the clock, we were dismayed to find it was half past nine.

"O dear!" said Lou, despairingly, "there comes somebody after one of you, and we shall not get our book commenced, after all. It's a real shame."

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,'" spouted Kate; "but we can commence it just as well to-morrow night; and I guess our ideas will 'keep.'"

It proved to be a servant sent after Lily; and, gathering up our school books in haste, we wrapped our shawls and hoods around us, and all scampered off; for nine o'clock was the hour at which all good children should be at home—at least so our parents thought.

As we separated, Kate said: "We will certainly write our book to-morrow night; so in the meantime you can all try to think of something excruciatingly funny to put into it;" and, with the expectation of seeing each other the next evening, we parted.

VOL. XXXVII.—24.

How often it occurs that when all seems bright and beautiful around us, when our hearts are bounding with delight, and when sorrow or trouble seems some far-off phantasm of the imagination, that a gulf will open at our feet, and without a moment's warning we find ourselves plunged in the maelstrom of grief or misfortune; and those whose bright eyes and cheerful faces proclaim unimpaired health may, by some accident or misfortune, be brought in a few hours to the verge of the grave.

The next day was cold and stormy; Kate, with her usual disregard of her health, sat in school with wet feet and damp clothing. In the evening she complained of a violent headache and sore throat, and was too sick to join us. The succeeding day found her with a high fever. Day after day passed, and we met with grave faces; none of us thought of beginning our book until Kate would be with us to assist.

At last she began to recover, and now another trial awaited us. Lou Lindenmeyer's father heard of a lucrative position in the West, and as he had for a long time thought seriously of moving to one of the Western States, he decided that a better opportunity would never offer, and after a few weeks' preparation, the family left for a far distant State.

Lou was almost broken-hearted at leaving all the friends whom she had known and loved for so many years; and it was with many tears and sobs that we saw her leave.

Lily Armbrustar moved to a different part of the city, and our pleasant party was completely broken up.

Kate's health returned slowly, and during her convalescence she had time to turn her thoughts to subjects that she had hitherto disregarded; and on her recovery, to the surprise of every one, united herself with the church. She is still a merry, light-hearted girl, but her wild spirits are toned down, and her expression betokens a mind at peace.

I am sorry to say "Our Novel" was never written, and the public little dream what they have lost. No doubt it would have created a sensation in the literary world; but, alas—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

"COUSIN HANNAH'S SHOPPING EXPEDITION."

BY GERALD.

THEY, truly, afforded a striking contrast as they stood, side by side, equipped for their morning tour. Cousin Hannah's tall, spare frame, clad in a substantial checked gown of her own weaving and making up, with no superfluity in the skirts, and innocent of the faintest approach to trimming; her heavy plaid shawl drawn well up around her throat, and pinned squarely across her chest, for fear of another "spell of the rheumatiz," as she explained.

Over her gray hairs, smoothly combed straight back from her thin face, were laid—first, a muslin cap of home manufacture with a full plaited frill, and then a comfortable black-satin hood, made—as she told the elegant Miss Rose, who was contemplating the old lady—from a piece Mrs. Lennex put in the rag bag. She hesitated some time about hampering her hands with *any* covering, but finally decided, as the wind blew quite sharply, that she would draw on her brown cotton gloves, "they were more genteel, she 'sposed, than her blue yarn mittens." Jennie, or Jane, as Cousin Hannah always called her, (being opposed to *new fangled ways*), looked the perfection of neatness in her gray suit, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, and another holding back the brown curls from the radiant face.

All her appointments were in good taste, and yet with an eye to the requirements of Dame Fashion; the boots, the gloves, the perfumed handkerchief, all were in keeping.

A charm was there, but it lay not altogether in the beautiful bloom of the smooth, round cheek, or the brightness of the clear hazel eye; not in the soft clustering ringlets, or in the poise of the graceful head; but in the loving soul which looked forth in every glance, ever ready to shed its brightness in ministrations of kindness to all.

Cousin Hannah had for some minutes been directing anxious glances toward the clouds, which were gathering rather ominously in the west, and finally exclaiming, "I wouldn't get these morocco shoes wet through for a power of money—why, Nathan Fox, down on the plains, made 'em for me nigh on to six years ago, and I feel desperit careful of 'em," left the room in search of her *leather clogs* and "blue umberil."

Hardly had the door closed upon her, when Rose Merwin turned a face of the most intense disgust toward her sister, pettishly bursting forth with: "You are a great fool to be seen on the street with her in such style. Supposing you should meet any of our friends—the Lawtons or Mortimers—horrors! Thank fortune she insists upon going out so early; but then goodness knows how long she will keep you with her innumerable 'arrants' and her interminable gossip. Let her go alone. Give her directions; she can find the way well enough."

"No, Rose," replied Jennie, quietly clasping her portemonnaie as she spoke, Cousin Hannah has been too kind to me, that I should grudge her a little of my time and attention."

"It is not the time; you have enough of that to spare, I should hope; but to go out with such a figure; she looks like one of her own scare crows, and she will be sure to tell everybody that she is stopping down to Cousin Polly Merwin's. At every store you will be mortified by her awkward ways and questions. I do wish that you would give up some of your Quixotic notions of doing good to such people."

"Don't feel so badly, Rose;" and Jennie laughed merrily. "I shall not be disgraced by shopping with poor Cousin Hannah, if she is *not* dressed in the mode, and has an old-fashioned fancy for calling things by their right names. She is thoroughly good and kind-hearted. I shall not be mortified by what you call her country ways. I would not leave her to find her way about our bustling streets alone. Remember she is nearly seventy years old; and surely you cannot have forgotten how skilfully and tenderly she nursed me through scarlet fever, when I was taken ill at her house years ago?"

"No, I have not forgotten; but *that* was no more than her manifest duty; beside, mamma made her presents, which amply repaid her for any exertion which she made in your behalf."

"O Sister Rose! don't talk so, it is unworthy of you; some services can never be repaid with money or anything which money can buy. Poor Hannah envies mamma her two girls more than aught else, and we surely can spare

a little loving kindness to brighten her lone, childless life."

"Well, Jennie, as you say, only don't preach, or expect me to fall in with your ideas of right and wrong. I shall never consider myself called upon to sacrifice my respectability to wait upon awkward clodhoppers."

"Hush! she is in the front parlor," whispered Jennie, reprovingly, with a grieved look.

"That matters nothing; she has the blessing of deafness added to her other charms, so that you can have the pleasure of shouting out your interpretations all through your tour;" and with a vexed laugh, Miss Rose flounced out of the room just as Cousin Hannah entered by another door, at last ready. Even if it did rain, she announced "She was neither sugar or salt, and had no finery to spile."

As they set forth she gave her determination to use no street cars; she wanted to visit more than one place, and she should not pay extra fare every time she took a car on the same route; there was no sort of accommodation in them; so on her feet she should keep to the end.

They climbed the stairs to a newspaper office for the introduction to their labors, so as to have "that off her mind;" where she informed the amused editor, as she paid her year's subscription in advance, that she should "recommend his paper to all on the mountain, (standing very erect as she gave her place of abode,) provided he sent it regularly, and printed all the news from Littleton, where she lived all her days until she went on to the mountain to live with Deacon Jones's family—the first folks in the village." He assured her of his wish to do his best to please all subscribers; and she left the sanctum rejoicing over the amount of "proper comfort" she should take reading that paper during the winter.

The next call was at a jeweller's, where she wished to change her glasses. Here she convulsed every one within earshot, by the quaintness of her remarks concerning the pomps and vanities which on all sides met her eyes. After trying several pairs of specs, she settled upon one as *just* the article. A lady customer having laid down a new magazine upon the counter, she took it up and tested her new glasses by reading, in an extremely audible voice, a bit of poetry which attracted her attention. As she read she criticized, and ended by wishing that she was going to stay at "Cousin Polly's" long enough to borrow the book for a thorough perusal. Having arranged

these matters to her satisfaction, the main business of the day yet remained unentered upon.

"Now, Jane, I want you to take me to the *best* store in town, for I must match that black silk of mine, and it is an amazin good piece. Silks used to have some heft to 'em when I bought *that*. Why—let me see: that was the winter before brother Aaron was married; and their oldest boy Oscar Heman will be fifteen come next April. Only one new pair of sleeves in all that time. What do you think of *that* for economy, Miss Jane?" and she gave a triumphant shrug *backward*, which elevated her shoulders and her decided head a few inches more.

"Since I have gone on to the mountain to live, I *am somebody*, and I am invited out to quiltings and tea-drinkins with the young folks; the deacons all come, and even the minister; and we walk out to the tea-table lockin' arms, in high style, same as you do in the city, I 'spose. So you see I want to fix up as smart as any of 'em. I have got that pretty muslin cap with the border you worked for me, and I keep it for these kinder sociables like and meetings, where I can take off my hood."

By this time the store was reached, and after a critical survey of the windows from the outside, Cousin Hannah stepped in. She told the gentlemanly clerk—who appeared to learn her wishes—that she should keep him sometime busy; for if he did well by her, "she calculated to trade a big bill. I have come more'n two hundred miles from the mountain where they are digging that great tunnel. I reckon you have read of *that* in the paper."

He smilingly assented, and confessed to a knowledge of the tunnel and its whereabouts, and hoped that he should be able to please her taste in the matter of dry goods, inquiring what style she preferred.

"Well, first, I want some good strong calico—no delaines or any of the thin stuffs city folks like. When I want a woollen dress, I go to the *loom*; see"—and she extended her sleeve for the young man's inspection—"that is home-made, and sets old winter at defiance. We have wild blasts on our hills, and need to be independent of stores and factories. But now I want some dresses for next summer; and I think that light buff would answer for one. Come, Jane, pick me out two more, and that will set me up."

Then followed chintz for curtains, and next a demand for some bright flowered calico for a double gown. "I am pretty tough, but

getting old, and I ought to get ready for sick days. It is the fashion up our way to have gay colored sick gowns like, and I made up my mind to get one the next time I went to the city."

This was soon accomplished with Jennie's help, in whose taste she placed implicit faith. Then she demanded to be shown the *best* black silk. She was directed to the silk counter, but was unwilling to exchange her salesman. She told him he was "a proper mannered young man, and she felt kinder acquainted with him, so she would thank him to go down and help her through with this, too."

Finally, he displayed the silks for her selection, when, lo and behold! the prices went far above her ken, and she was at a great loss.

"Why, Jane," she exclaimed, as she pushed back her hood from her face to get a clearer view, "it will cost more to fix up that old silk than all my calicoes, chintz, double gown and all. Never mind, I'm going to weave about fifty yards of rug this winter for Miss Sophrony Bradley, and I guess I will afford it for once. Cut me two yards, and hold it easy on the edge. Now," she added, as the clerk complacently fulfilled her orders, "foot up the bill, and mebbe, as I pay cash instead of dicker, you can throw in a spool or two of thread, or some such little matter."

"I reckon you don't sell over ten dollars at a time every day, young man?" she said, as she handed each piece of money to Jennie before giving it to the clerk, "just to make sure that she didn't pay out any more fifty-cent shinplasters for five cents, as she did once."

Being told that her bundle would be sent to her residence on the next round of the errand boy's, she assured them that she had carried "a bigger heft than that many a time through the north woods, when she took her butter and eggs down to the store to trade for notions," and therefore insisted upon carrying it herself. *Her residence* was altogether too far for them to reach. So, taking the package cosily under one arm, she sallied forth, uttering many thanks to the shopman for his "good manners," and self-gratulations upon the extent of her purchases.

"Now, Jennie, I must stop at Dr. Morton's, if you will pilot me to the place; I've almost forgot its whereabouts; but I promised them a call if I ever came back to stay a day again. I used to piece coverlids and make butter for his wife, and it raly would seem like old times to take a look at them. On second thoughts, I don't know but I'll stop over to dinner, as they

said, if you will call for me bime by. You will never be sorry you was kind to an old woman, Jennie, if I am a lot of trouble now."

With a cheery smile, the young girl escorted "Cousin Hannah" and her bundle to one of the handsomest mansions in the city, where she was welcomed with hospitable warmth.

Before the shades of evening had fairly closed in, they were on their homeward way, Hannah exclaiming with delight: "I knew Miss Morton and doctor would be glad to see me; they treated me as if I was first cousin to the queen. Nothing stuck up there. They are not afraid if they notice a poor old country body like me that they shall lose their *respectability*. I allers notice that those are *most* afraid who have the *least* to lose. I had a mighty good dinner—all but the cider, that was pale and weak, though it fizzed and foamed when they poured it out; but it set my head all in a buzz; and I let it alone after that. City cider don't agree with me."

On reaching home, after she had displayed her purchases, she proceeded to measure with outstretched arm, from the tip of her nose, what she called [a good old-fashioned yard, from her gay double gown.

She cut it off, and, presenting it to Jennie, said, with a side glance at Rose: "There, that will make you a stylish apron for afternoon, pockets and all; and who knows what it may do? I had one with the *same* colors in it when my Reuben was keepin' company with me, and he allers said that the *apron* attracted him first. I told you that you wouldn't be sorry for waiting on an old woman round."

Jennie expressed her thanks for the gift with a kind and gentle manner, perfectly oblivious of the scornful curve of Rose's mouth.

The visit ended, Cousin Hannah returned to her mountain home, and came to the city no more. Occasionally the family heard of her welfare, and always with a message of thanks to Jennie for her kindness in their shopping expedition added thereto. But one day Mr. Merwin came in from his library with an open letter in his hand, and called for his daughter.

"Here is a letter from the good Deacon Jones your rustic friend Hannah, of the memorable down-town trip, used to speak of. It seems that she, poor lonely soul, is gathered to her fathers at last, and has selected you as her heiress. I always supposed her to be quite poor, as she was so closely economical, and toiled at spinning and weaving so incessantly; but it seems she owned quite a substantial farm, which this deacon managed for her, and

also sundry shares in railroad stock up there, which are constantly increasing in value. Accompanying this is a message in her own handwriting, which she directed to be delivered you and Rose."

"To my companion of the shopping tour, five years ago, I give my little property, feeling that her kind heart will appreciate the gift. Perhaps in the eyes of Miss Rose it may compensate in some degree for her sister 'making a great fool of herself appearing on the street with Cousin Hannah in *such style*, and playing interpreter throughout her walk.' For Rose's sake, it was rather a pity that deafness was not added to her old cousin's other charms."

"I do not understand the drift of the message exactly, but, knowing the difference in the temperaments of my two daughters, I think I can guess it with tolerable accuracy."

Rose colored under her father's meaning glance, but preserved a discreet silence then and always after.

My moral needs no second sight to penetrate it.

To Jennie the gift was opportune, for a little "bird in the air" whispers of a *trousseau* in preparation, of a lover and a new home away from the parent nest. Albeit, I cannot, as a faithful chronicler, say that the "stylish apron" bore any part in winning said lover, but imagine it rather to have been the unselfish, meek loving kindness of a pure heart.

BEECHER ON DIARIES.

Henry Ward Beecher has a poor opinion of diaries. He says: "Although my father never said anything to discourage the journal-keepers of the family, I had reason to believe that he never himself kept one. I ventured one day, to ease my conscience for having left off this secret duty, to ask him why he did not keep a journal. His reply came like a shot from an overloaded gun. 'A journal is the devil's pilory, and fools sit in it. Everybody sins, but they need not sprawl out on paper an account of it. If you write the truth, you ought to be ashamed, and if you don't, you ought to be still more ashamed.' Then, perhaps, thinking that this might be casting reflections on some of his kin, he went on to say that perhaps some folks might be profited by it. Everybody was not alike. But he didn't want, when he was dead and gone, to have folks fumbling over his private feelings, and he didn't mean to give them a chance. That was the last of my journal."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

WHEN the new years come and the old years go,

How, little by little, all things grow!

All things grow—and all decay—

Little by little passing away.

Little by little, on fertile plain,

Ripen the harvests of golden grain,

Waving and flashing in the sun,

When the summer at last is done.

Little by little they ripen so,

As the new years come and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,

Little by little it mounts to the skies,

Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,

Home for a hundred singing birds.

Little by little the great rocks grow,

Long, long ago, when the world was new;

Slowly and silently, stately and free,

Cities of coral under the sea

Little by little are builded—while so

The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;

So are the crowns of the faithful won,

So is Heaven in our hearts begun.

With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,

Little by little, the longest day

And the longest life are passing away,

Passing without return—while so

The new years come and the old years go.

REV. JOHN HALL thus wisely speaks to young people:

"There are two ways of setting up in this life. One is to begin where your parents are ending—magnificent mansions, splendid furniture, and an elegant turn-out. The other is to begin a little nearer the point where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see, my friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it would be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live. And business fluctuates; and health is uncertain; and temptations from the side of pride are strong; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant has been led along, and rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up the embezzlement, and been called a 'swindler.'"

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickering neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky.
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.
Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angel's silver voices stir the air.

SPARROWS.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flutter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their siros
Stretched always on purpose these wonderful
strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their
feet—
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings foolish-sweet.

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Little things light on the lines of our lives;
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
But from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the works and the hopes and the prayers of
men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph
strings,
Holding a moment, then gone again?
Nay, He planned for the birds with the larger
things.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

“WHERE has my little Jimmy gone, I wonder?
I've sought my baby darling everywhere;
There's not a thing but what I have peeped under,
And hoped to find my cherub hiding there.
Here lay his toys in undisturbed confusion,
Just as he left them—was it yesterday?
And they, perchance, are touched by his delusion,
And dream he's coming to resume his play.

“Where has my little Jimmy gone, I wonder?”
The mother's heart keeps asking all the while,
Forgetful of the bitter blow that stunned her,
And quenched the sunlight of her baby's smile.
“He wanders, maybe, in the path of danger,
Away from home and far away from friends,
Compelled to ask assistance of a stranger,
In tones that but a mother comprehends.

“The night is coming, and his feet are weary,
Those little feet, so tiny and so white!
Whose home will give a shelter to my deary,
My little baby, through the cheerless night?”
The house is haunted; and she vainly wanders
From room to room, by transient hopes beguiled,
While on the mystery of death she ponders,
And claims of Heaven some token of her child.

“Where has my little Jimmy gone, I wonder?”
She lifts her troubled eyes with tears so dim,
And sees a smiling face peep out from under
A sombre cloudlet with a silver rim.
Her heart accepted life's sweet revelation;
She murmured: “O my darling! there you are?
Changed in the glory of a new creation!
Changed to the brightness of a shining star!”

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear friend! I say good-night
to thee

Across the moonbeams, tremulous and white,
Bridging all space between us, it may be.

Lean low, sweet friend! it is the last good-night;

For lying mute upon my couch and still,
The fever-flush vanished from my face,
I heard them whisper softly: "'Tis His will:
Angels will give her happier resting-place!"

And so, from sight of tears that fall like rain,
And sound of sobbing smothered close and low,
I turned my white face to the window-pane,
To say good-night to thee before I go.

Good-night, good-night! I do not fear the end,
The conflict with the billows dark and high;
And yet, if I could touch thy hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die:

If I could feel, through all the quiet waves
Of my deep hair, thy tender breath athrill,
I could go downward to the place of graves
With eyes ashine and pale lips smiling still;

Or it may be that if, through all the strife
And pain of parting, I should hear thy call,
I would come singing back to sweet, sweet life,
And know no mystery of death at all.

It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-
night!

And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen buds
awhite,
The gentle falling of the April rain,

Remember her whose young life held thy name,
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men
To hear again her low good-night, good-night!

Lippincott's Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

"SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me;
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands shall folded be.

"But, oh! beyond this shadowy land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands."

BE ALWAYS GIVING.

THE sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives baths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living;
The more you give
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheaped;
Only by giving it is reaped;
The body withers, and the mind
Is pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living;
The more we give
The more we live.

MY LITTLE ONE.

BY EDGAR FAWCET.

GOD bless my little one! How fair
The mellow lamp light gilds his hair,
Loose on the cradle pillow there.
God bless my little one!

God guard my little one! To me
Life, widowed of his life, would be
As sea-sands widowed of the sea.
God guard my little one!

God love my little one! As clear,
Cool sunshine holds the first green spear
On April meadows, hold him dear.
God love my little one!

When these fond lips are mute, and when
I slumber, not to wake again,
God bless, God guard, God love him then,
My little one! Amen.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

A SWEET STORY.

SOME time since we cut from the New York *Observer* the following record of an act that is sweet with Christian charity, intending it for our readers. It has been crowded out of previous numbers of the "*Home*," but we make a place for it this month.

Appeals for aid of all kinds are made in the *Observer*, and to most of these there comes, from somewhere, the needed help.

"But," says the editor, "our faith was put to a severe test a few months ago. A friend well known to one of my associates, brought to his notice an interesting case, but the request was so great, so far beyond the ordinary appeals for charity, that we were staggered, and at first were quite unwilling to put it before our readers. If it had been a petition for money to build a church or to found a hospital, we could have asked, believing. But it was something more than this; it was a request that some one would, for Christ's sake, convert his own home into a hospital, and receive into his family a helpless invalid stranger as a permanent inmate! Was anything ever asked for so unlikely to be obtained? But after much thoughtful consideration and inquiry, to be certain of the facts and the real merit of the case, we wrote a few lines like these, and printed them in the *Observer* :

"A young lady who was tenderly reared, and on the death of all who were able to aid in her support, was sustaining herself by teaching, has been prostrated by failure of health, and is now totally dependent upon the kindness of strangers. There is no public institution provided for such invalids, and it may be that some Christian heart may be found willing to furnish the helpless sufferer the comforts of a home."

"We offered to take charge of any money contributed for her relief, or to put any one desiring to receive her into communication with the invalid. Several persons sent money, and it was promptly applied for the supply of present wants. At last came one, and a second and third letter—no less than three—proposing, if all things were as they had been represented, to welcome the sick stranger into the bosom of a Christian home.

"One of these loving friends, who would do unto one of the least of Christ's little ones as they would do unto Him, was put into correspondence with those who had brought the case to our notice, and after all the necessary arrangements, the invalid was, by easy stages on the railroad, taken to the distant city where her kind benefactors reside. At the depot she and her friend were met by the gentle-

man, with his elegant carriage and horses. He received her with great cordiality, tenderly cared for her comfort, and then conveyed her to his house, in the immediate vicinity of the city. It was a mansion in the midst of wooded grounds, and having every appearance of wealth and repose. The gentleman and his wife, both beyond middle age, and with no other family, gave her a parental welcome to their house, and the lady conducted the weary sufferer to the chamber designed for her rest and enjoyment. It was comfort itself. Whatever taste, refinement and love could suggest in advance, to make a room inviting, had been provided. A fire glowed on the hearth; flowers smiled a welcome on the toilet-table; books and pictures and little objects of vertu spoke of exquisite culture. And when the invalid was refreshed with rest, the gentle lady told her that all her fears had vanished, and she was assured that she and her husband would find joy and peace in their guest, who should be to them as a daughter and friend.

"She has been there now more than a month, and all parties, the benevolent couple and their invalid guest, are happy in each other's love.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep." It is thus the Lord provides. But it is not so much God's goodness that I wonder at and admire, in this incident, as that in His children there dwells a spirit so much like that of Him who loved us and gave himself for us. It is no great thing for us, if we have the means, to give of our abundance to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; or to build asylums for the sick and poor. We can pay other people to do good for us—and that is charity in us, for the money is greatly needed, and we make the widows and orphans to sing for joy when we give freely—but that is quite another thing from taking into your own peaceful home, where your time and ways are all your own, and peculiar at that—a sick girl to be tended and nursed and put up with, day after day, and night after night, and month on month; all your habits and plans broken up, and another's home begun in the midst of your own. The most of us would give a great deal of money before we would open our heart and house to a stranger, and a sick stranger, to live and die with us. But it is beautiful. It is very like Him who was rich, and for our sakes became poor; who saw us strangers, exiles, lost, and provided chambers for us in His Father's house, and will take us there, that we may be with Him in glory. The kind, loving, Christian friends who have done this for a poor stranger, will never have their names sung in

praise; they have not done it to be known of men; they will minister in secret to the wants of their feeble charge, do all cheerfully for Christ's sake, who has said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' The evening of their days will be hallowed and perhaps brightened by the presence of the child Jesus, in the person of the stranger whom they have taken in. She may live and recover health and be the light of their dwelling, and by and by minister with grateful tenderness to their wants in age and sickness. She may be an angel of mercy at their side when the night of death closes in upon them. But living or dying, she and they are the Lord's.

"And is it not one of the sweetest stories you ever read?"

WOMEN AND WORK.

"Do you know that ladies' underclothing, well-made, and of good material, can be bought in the city for one dollar a garment?" asked a lady friend the other afternoon as we were travelling homeward after our day's duties.

"Yes," we replied; "and how much do you suppose is paid for the making of these garments?"

"I don't know. Twenty-five cents apiece perhaps."

"No; eight cents apiece, or one dollar a dozen."

Then followed a conversation on the shamefully low wages paid to the sewing-women of New York—for, if we are not mistaken, these garments are of New York make.

"Why," asked our friend, "why don't you, whose business it is to write, make an effort in the pages of your magazine in behalf of these poorly paid women?"

Why do we not? Because if mere writing availed anything, the sewing-women of New York, and of all other cities would have been dealt justly long ago. Pathetic appeals to employers will always be disregarded. Equally useless is it to urge these women to refuse to work at such pitiful prices. With them the choice lies, or seems to lie, between work, a life of shame, or starvation. The root of this evil is deeper than the surface. We must try patiently and long to show to the thousands of women, and especially to the tens of thousands of young girls who in a few years will step into their wretched places, that there are other occupations for women than those of the needle and sewing-machine.

It is of no use to talk to them of the great West, where women are scarce, and women's labor brings high prices. They have no means to go there, even if they had the inclination. But there are places they might fill at home if they only would.

We are not one of those who, as soon as a woman opens her mouth to ask for something to do, talk

about the incompetency of foreign servants, and tell her that the kitchen and the position of domestic is open for her, and that if she is reasonable she will want nothing better, nobler, or more remunerative. Still a small portion of these suffering women—those whose health and family relations will permit it—might find a transfer from their own garrets to their neighbors' wealthier kitchen a change for the better.

There are others who might go into the country during the summer months—into the country immediately surrounding the city—and find healthful, pleasing, and tolerably profitable occupation in performing the lighter portions of farm labor. Onion weeding, berry, pea, and bean picking, and other things of a like nature, women not only can, but do perform equally with men, and receive equal pay.

There is still a large class left for whom there is apparently no redemption from the garret. But another generation might change all this. There are clerkships, telegraph offices, printing offices, and a hundred other trades and occupations (Miss Penny makes it five hundred we believe) open for girls and women where they will be liberally paid, and can maintain an honorable independence.

A helpless, dependent, superficially educated woman, let her belong to what class she will, is, when the day of misfortune comes, and she finds herself face to face with the dire necessity of self-exertion, the most pitiable object in creation; she knows not what to do, and to save herself from being swept utterly away by the current, she catches at every straw. Before she has given quite up and passively resigned herself to fate, she frequently resolves to try literature. Editors are constantly in receipt of letters running something in this wise:

"MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR:—I have formerly been in good circumstances, but am now left utterly destitute, with an aged mother and invalid sister dependent upon me. As I am unable to sew or teach, I am obliged to resort to my pen for a living. Will you please to inform me what you pay for stories, essays, and poetry, and whether you can engage me as a regular contributor. I have not had much practice in writing, but I will try very hard to suit you. I shall await your reply with fear and trembling; for if your answer is not favorable, I do not know what I shall do. Please, Mr. Editor, remember when you yourself were struggling to make a beginning in literature, and give me a favorable answer. Yours, in suspense."

There is nothing cuts one so to the heart as a pathetic letter like this. It is a wail from "one more unfortunate" sinking down into an abyss, not of wickedness, but of helplessness, and misery, and hopelessness. If one only could reach forth a helping hand! Not that we want crude writing, but out of pure charity's sake. But there is only one reply can be made, and our sympathies follow

that reply to its destination, and we wonder what the writer does and which way she turns when her hopes prove delusive. If we knew the writer individually, we might be able to see some way for her out of the darkness; but we can only give general advice.

The whole matter resolves itself into this: Women as well as men should be taught to be self-dependent and self-supporting, and among all classes of women labor should be made honorable; and then when the evil day comes, as it may come to any one, it will be deprived of its worst terror.

FRUIT CULTURE FOR LADIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENING FOR LADIES."

CONCERNING STRAWBERRIES.

STRAWBERRIES, when grown in hills—the most laborious, but at the same time the most productive way—should have the runners cut off as they grow. Keep the surface soil loose, if necessary, with shallow hoeings, and cover it lightly with half-rotten stable litter. If grown in beds, do not let the runners set too thickly. For a mulch, instead of stable litter, salt, or bog hay, straw, or even cornstalks may be used advantageously.

With regard to runners, it should be remembered that the third growth after the fruiting makes the strongest, healthiest plants for forming new beds. Indeed, the best way to grow strawberries is to cut off all runners until September or October. Keep them well hoed up to that time, and then allow the runners to grow out and set along the row. This is the plan recommended by Purdy, of the *Small Fruit Recorder*, one of our most experienced cultivators. We have tried it, with the happiest result.

The same authority recommends the cutting off of the entire top of the plant after it is through bearing. If this be done, the plant immediately commences a new growth, and by fall becomes a rank, luxuriant hill. After cutting, manure liberally, and mellow the ground thoroughly.

JUNE HINTS FOR THE ORCHARD.

THIS month is generally recommended for pruning, where fruit is desired, or where large branches are to be removed. Young trees planted out this spring may be brought into shape by rubbing off shoots which start where limbs are not wanted. This will save much future labor in pruning. Where a shoot seems to be growing too luxuriantly, the young and tender end should be pinched off. This will equalize the growth of the tree. Grafts need the same care as young trees. Where two cions are growing, and they are likely to become crowded, remove the weaker.

The present month is also a good time for thinning out the fruit. Though it may go against the

grain, do not neglect this truly beneficial practice. You will gain far more in quality by it than you lose in quantity, and your trees will be healthier, and more likely to produce a good crop next year. Over-bearing is undoubtedly one cause, if not the only one, of trees producing a crop but once in every two or three years.

During this month the war against insects must be waged vigorously. Go among the trees frequently, and destroy the nests of caterpillars. The eggs of some insects are laid upon the leaves, and a whole colony may be found upon a small branch. It will be better to cut this off and burn it.

Be on the watch for the little striped beetle, the larvæ of which is known as the apple-tree borer. It makes its appearance this month, coming from the tree by night, at which time it flies from tree to tree for food or companions, resting in the daytime among the leaves of the tree on which it feeds. In June, July, and sometimes in August, it deposits its eggs on the bark of the tree, at or near the ground.

Knowing this habit, many of these eggs may be destroyed by scraping around the base of the tree and washing it with strong soap suds, during the last week in August.

The larvæ, or young borers, from these eggs, are fleshy, round, whitish grubs, without legs or wings. They eat through the bark and remain there the first winter, marking their entrance by a little pyramid of borings, which betray their hiding-places, in which they can be easily found and destroyed. The next season they penetrate the wood, throwing out dust, or cutting like saw-dust, by which they may be traced; generally ascending as they proceed and boring deep into the tree. It then becomes a full-grown borer.

The third season, nearly two years from its entrance, it approaches the surface, where it undergoes its final transformation, becomes a beetle and leaves the tree. This borer sometimes enters the tree several feet above the ground, and occasionally enters the limbs near the stem.

Their presence may be ascertained by their castings, or dust, and the hole where this has been cast out discerned by a little practice and examination. When found, insert a wire with a very small point

turned up on the end, by which the invader may be drawn out and killed.

During the present month slugs will be likely to appear upon the leaves of your pear and cherry trees. They are little, unsightly fellows, of a greenish color. Fill a bag, made of coarse cloth, with lime, or dry dust, and shake it over them. Their room is better than their company.

Be careful to water your newly-planted fruit trees in dry weather. Mulching, after the watering, is highly beneficial. Should they leaf out thinly, it indicates some injury to the roots, to remedy which severe pruning is required. But do not let them bear, unless they are growing thriftily. In that case, a few "specimens" may be left on the trees.

JUNE MANAGEMENT OF GRAPES.

GRAPES first coming into bearing, says the *Gardener's Monthly*, should not be allowed to perfect large crops of fruit. A bunch or so may be allowed to fruit, "just to test the kind," but no more. Vigorous growth and great productiveness are the antipodes of the vegetable world. Encourage the growth of leaves, and aim to have as strong shoots at the base as at the top of the cane. This can be done by pinching out the points of the strong shoots after they have made a growth of five or six leaves. Young vines grow much faster over a twiggly branch, stuck up for support, than over a straight stock as a trellis, and generally do better every way. Where extra fine bunches are desired, pinch back the bearing shoot to about four or five leaves above the bunch. This should not be done indiscriminately with all the bunches. Too much pinching operates against the production of good wood for next season.

PEAR BLIGHT.

ITS appearance is plainly that of vegetation perishing instantly, as if by electricity; sometimes it will be in the middle part of a limb, leaving life in either extremity, only, however, with possibility of living long in the root end. The time of its presence is almost always immediately after a season of much rain, succeeded by intense sun heat. My opinion, therefore, of this disease is, that it is the result of an extra or superabundant flow of sap, caused by very propitious growing weather, which, when blight happens, has been heated to an unhealthy temperature by the sun. It therefore resembles the effects of a scald, and is like a tree dead from the too near application of fire, excepting the presence of wilt, in the latter. It cannot occur frequently, in my opinion, in a tree meagrely supplied with sap. Its presence is generally manifested, in this latitude, in the month of June, before the period of much ripening

of wood, or *always* succeeding a generous season of rain and during sultry hot sun weather.

Root-pruning it, we believe, the only remedy for, or better, perhaps, preventive of pear blight. It has been shown that, to produce pear blight, there is nothing surer than to use the pruning-knife freely on a thriftily-growing tree in June. Should the roots of such a tree be pruned at the same time with the branches, blight will *not* ensue. We have seen the experiment tried, with just such results.

GENERAL HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

CURRENTS.—If your currant bushes throw up many suckers, take out a portion now, instead of waiting till winter to cut them away. Set some pieces of gummy fly-paper among your bushes, to catch the currant-borer beetles. The larvae of these beetles are great pests, eating out the pith of the young shoots, and causing them to grow poorly and bear but small fruit next year. Mulching around the bushes will be of great service, if the weather is dry. Be on the watch for the currant worms. The surest remedy against their attacks is to dust the bushes with powdered white hellebore, by means of a fine dredging-box. Air-slacked lime, in fine powder, is also said to be a certain remedy. As hellebore is a deadly poison, it should be used with great caution, and not at all until you have tried the powdered lime and found it to be of no avail.

The same general directions will apply as well to gooseberries.

BLACKBERRIES.—Do not let the new canes grow higher than four or five feet. Pinch off the tops, and many side branches will be thrown out, which, in their turn, are to be pinched, when from a foot to a foot and a-half long. Remember that a black-blackberry is not necessarily a ripe one. When the berry parts readily from the stalk, and not till then, it is ripe. It is then sweet and luscious, and totally unlike the hard, sour things one usually has to buy for ripe blackberries.

RASPBERRIES.—It is recommended to let but four new canes grow to a stool, all others being removed unless needed for planting. We have found it of great advantage to pinch back the new shoots as directed above in regard to blackberries. A very cheap and simple plan for training raspberry bushes is given by Mr. Fuller, in his *Small Fruit Culturist*. It is to drive a stake each side of a stool, and nail a barrel hoop to them, at a sufficient height. The canes are to be trained up through the hoop, and fastened to it, so as to prevent them from blowing about. Our amateur growers must bear in mind that raspberry canes bear fruit but once. After the fruit is off, the old canes must be removed, and the new ones trained up to take their places.

HOW TO SCARE MOLES.

IT may be that some of our lady readers find the neatness of their flower-beds sadly marred at times by that little worker in the dark, the mole. For their benefit, we clip the following paragraphs, which we find communicated to the Cincinnati Gazette:

"Doubtless, moles do good in certain cases; and if the soil is infested with 'wire worms,' or other worms on which they are known to feed, they should be encouraged.

"But if there are none of these worms about, and if one happens to have a fancy for tulips,

hyacinths, and lilies, (pity that more did not have this fancy,) then friendly relations with their moleships can hardly exist. The diminutive quadruped will not comprehend how the Chaldeonian lily should be worth fifty cents more to look at, when it will make him so good a dinner!

"And so to save the bulbs, erect a scare-mole, which is nothing more than the little windmill made by the boys as a plaything. Set it on a post of any kind, at an elevation of six or eight feet, so that it can turn and rattle with every wind. This will protect a circle of thirty feet diameter. The little creatures don't seem to like the noise, the sound of which the post readily conducts to the ground, and therefore they soon make themselves scarce."

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

RECEIPTS.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Boil together a half a pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of sugar; then beat up the yolks of four eggs, add them to the milk, and let it come to a boil, and then take it off the fire. Have dissolved in half a pint of warm water, about a quarter of the quantity of gelatine contained in a box, and put this into the milk after it is removed from the fire; flavor it, and stir into it one and a half pints of cream which has been beaten to a froth. Set the preparation away—stirring it occasionally—and let it remain until it congeals sufficiently to bear the impression of a spoon. The previous day to making this custard, bake a sponge cake, and when ready to use it, cut off the top, carefully, and hollow out the body of the cake, and then, when the custard is sufficiently stiff, (as stated above,) put it into the cake, and place the portion which was cut off over it, as a cover. If you wish to serve it very nicely, ice it.

POTTED SHAD.—After thoroughly cleaning your shad, cut off its head, and cut it, crosswise, into four pieces, and put it into a stone jar, on the bottom of which sprinkle an onion—finely cut—some cloves, and allspice; then a layer of fish; then cloves and spices, with plenty of ground cayenne and black pepper; and in the centre another onion finely sliced. Continue this, layer upon layer, until you have disposed of your fish, making the last layer to be of spices, etc. Then pour in plenty of strong vinegar, tie up the jar with several thicknesses of muslin and paper, and bake for ten or twelve hours in a slow oven.

STEWED GIBLETS.—Clean the gIBLETS well, and boil them the day before they are to be used. Cut them up fine, butter, and season them well, and stew them nicely, adding a small portion of flour to the gravy.

TO SCRAMBLE EGGS.—Put a small piece of butter, and a little salt and pepper, into a spider. As soon as

hot (do not let the butter scorch), break the eggs in quickly, and stir very briskly until done enough. Be sure that they do not get too hard; they will cook very quickly.

OMELETTE SOUFFLE.—Separate the whites from the yolks of six eggs, taking care to remove the specks; add to the yolks two spoonfuls of dry powdered sugar, and a little lemon-juice; work them well together. Whip the whites until they are firm, and then mix them with the other ingredients. Put a small piece of butter into a frying-pan, let it melt over a slow fire; then add in the omelette, taking great care that it does not burn; turn it out upon a dish, and strew sugar over it; then put it into the oven. When it has risen, strew more sugar over it, and serve it. Orange-flower water may be used instead of lemon-juice.

PREPARED CODFISH.—Soak or boil the codfish sufficiently to free it from salt, and then pick it into flakes. Mix it with mashed potatoes and hard-boiled eggs, chop it all together very fine, and bake it until it is well done. Serve it with egg sauce.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—Cream one pound and a quarter of butter, and then add into it three quarters of a pound of sugar. Have ready six eggs, and beat one egg at a time into the butter and sugar; afterwards gradually pour in half a pint of milk. Flavor with nutmeg or essence of lemon. Add in a pound and a half of sifted flour. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda, and a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, or two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar separately, in small portions of warm water. Stir the soda first into the batter, and then the acid. Leave out of the quantity of milk as much of it as will equal the quantity of water used for the soda and acid. Bake the cake for one hour.

PUFFS.—Have ready nine eggs, one quart of sweet milk, twelve tablespoonfuls of flour, and a pinch of salt. Bake the puffs for twenty or twenty-five minutes.

TOMATO SOUP.—Put your stew-pan, with a little water in it, on the stove, and then put in your tomatoes, having first taken the skins off by scalding, and while cooking chop them fine. When done, pour in hot water enough to make a thin soup, salt to your taste, and pepper enough to make pretty hot. Pour out in your soup plates, and put a lump of butter the size of a large hickory-nut in each. Eat while hot.

GERMAN PUFFS.—Melt a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix it well with half a pound of flour; add one quart of milk, 8 eggs—well beaten—some grated nutmeg, and some cinnamon. Beat the ingredients well together, and bake the mixture in cups. Fill your cups but half full, as the puff rises very high.

CUSTARD PANCAKES.—Beat well together 5 eggs, one pint of milk, eight or nine spoonfuls of flour, and a small portion of salt. This quantity of material is sufficient for two cakes. Bake them in lard, as you do other pancakes.

A RELISH FOR BREAKFAST OR LUNCH. Take a quarter of a pound of cheese, good and fresh; cut it up in thin slices and put it in a "spider," turning over it a large cupful of sweet milk, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a dash of pepper, a little salt and a piece of butter as large as a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Have at hand three Boston crackers, finely pounded or rolled, and sprinkle them in gradually; as soon as they are stirred in, turn out the contents into a warm dish and serve. It is very delicious.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN; OR, Advice to Parents. By Pye Henry Chavasse, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; author of "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health," etc. With a Preliminary Dissertation by F. H. Getchel, M. D., Clinical Lecturer on the Diseases of Women and Children at the Jefferson Medical College, etc. Philadelphia: *New World Publishing Company*, No. 2 South Seventh Street.

Though holding certain prejudices against subscription books generally, we yet find much in the present volume to recommend it favorably to parents, to whom it is particularly addressed. It is written in a popular style, and in language easily understood. Though more in consonance with English than American notions, its teachings and directions are, in the main, sensible and judicious. Parents will find it a reliable guide and adviser, in all that relates to the bodily care and training of their children from the moment of birth to puberty. In the medical treatment of the diseases of children, the author is a follower of what is called the "regular" system; though, for the most part, he seems to rely more upon fresh air, exercise, bathing, and diet, than upon physic. A copious index renders the work convenient for reference in cases of sudden emergency. It is beautifully illustrated with highly finished steel engravings. Being published on subscription, it is to be obtained only of agents.

HEAVENWARD LED; OR, The Two Bequests. By Jane R. Somers. Philadelphia: *Porter & Coates*, 822 Chestnut Street.

This seems to us to be the first effort of a young and inexperienced author. It is not without a certain interest; but, as a literary performance, has slight claims to any special recommendation.

MINNESOTA; its Character and Climate. By Ledyard Bill, author of "A Winter in Florida," etc. New York: *Wood & Holbrook*, 15 Lighthouse Street.

Tourists and health-seekers will obtain from this little volume much information of practical value. Emigrants, also, will find in it many useful hints. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger.

OVER THE OCEAN; OR, Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands. By Curtis Guild, Editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin. Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

A lively, gossiping book of European travel, in which the author, by giving many minute particulars of things passing under his observation, which are generally considered of too little importance to be written about, has succeeded in presenting to his readers a pleasant and interesting record of his wanderings in foreign lands. Though his subject is an old one, his mode of treating it possesses the charm of novelty. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have the book for sale in this city.

THE DUEL BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, with its Lesson to Civilization. Lecture by Charles Sumner. Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

A brilliant and forcible lecture, in which the recent contest between France and Germany is made the text for an earnest appeal for the abrogation of war as a means of settling disputes between nations. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co.

GUTENBERG, AND THE ART OF PRINTING. By Emily C. Pearson, author of "Ruth's Sacrifice," "Prince Paul," etc. Boston: *Noyes, Holmes & Co.*, 117 Washington Street.

The greater portion of this entertaining volume is devoted to an account of the life and labors of John Gutenberg, of Mentz, the father of the art of

printing. The story is one of romantic interest, and graphically depicts the struggles of the famous inventor. We get in the course of the narrative many delightful pictures of Gutenberg's home-life, in which his faithful and loving "lady Anna," with her taste for flowers and her cheery words of comfort for the struggling artisan, forms an attractive feature. The later chapters give a succinct outline of the history of the progress of printing to the present time. The book is one that exhibits much research, and is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subjects upon which it treats. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE. Boston: Alexander Moore.

This is a useful little hand-book of instruction in regard to the proper management and economical use of gas. It also contains a full description of the gas-metre, with directions for ascertaining by it the amount of gas consumed. The chemistry of gas-lighting and ventilation have each a chapter devoted to them. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. By Georges Duplessis. Illustrated with thirty four wood Engravings. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Those desirous of obtaining a pleasantly written and interesting history of engraving, together with

an insight into the various processes of the art, will find this little volume quite an acceptable one. It belongs to the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," a series that has done much towards popularizing the arts and sciences, especially with the young. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

CRUDEN'S COMPLETE CONCORDANCE. A Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible. By Alexander Cruden.

No student of the Bible can do without this work. We are glad to see a new edition at a greatly reduced price; not poorly made, but well printed on fine but thin paper, and substantially bound. The old price in cloth was \$4—this is sold at \$2.75; or for \$3.50 in sheep instead of \$5. This work is a complete dictionary and alphabetical index to the Bible and the Apocrypha; it gives the signification of the principal words, by which their true meanings in Scripture are shown; it gives an account of Jewish customs and ceremonies, illustrative of many portions of the sacred record; and a concordance of the proper names of the Bible, with their meaning in the original. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffel-finger.

MAD MONKTON; and Other Tales. By Wilkie Collins.

One of Collins's earlier works. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

PHILADELPHIA HOUSE OF REFUGE.

We have received a copy of an address delivered, at the laying of the corner-stone of the new buildings of the white female department of the House of Refuge, by James J. Barclay, President of that Institution.

It is now forty-two years since the first buildings designed for a house of refuge were dedicated. They were situated on Coates Street, between fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. Twenty-four years later, the corner-stone of the present extensive structure was laid. The new buildings, the corner-stone of which was laid in September last, are to be erected on lots on Twenty-second Street, between College Avenue and Poplar Street, and immediately adjoining the present buildings. They will front forty-six feet on Twenty-Second Street, and have a depth of two hundred and twenty-two feet, with two wings, one hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, at right angles with the main building, at a distance of fifty-two feet from the line of the front. The buildings will be three stories in height, and built of brick above the basement. The front is to be of pressed brick, with an ornamented portico and window dressings of Franklin stone. The most approved methods for lighting,

ventilating, and warming have been adopted. The plan of the new buildings will allow of a far better classification of the inmates than is now in use. They will be divided into four classes, and graded according to their moral character. The larger girls will have separate sleeping-rooms as at present; but the smaller ones will occupy one large chamber under the immediate supervision of a matroness.

When the new buildings are finished and occupied by the girls, the apartments they now use will be appropriated to a portion of the white boys. This will afford an opportunity of making a more judicious classification of them, by separating them into four classes, graded according to the moral advancement of their numbers.

Though at the time of its establishment considered by many as an experiment of doubtful utility, the operations of the House of Refuge, notwithstanding occasional alleged mismanagements, have given the most convincing evidence of the advantages of such schools of reformation. When the corner-stone of the first building was laid, there was but one similar institution in the country. Now few of the leading cities of the Union are without one. Nor are they confined to

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Clasping

America. In Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and France, numerous reformatory schools, such as is our House of Refuge, have been established, everywhere performing an undoubtedly good work. The most celebrated is that at Mettray, near Tours. To its success, a distinguished philanthropist, M. de Mets, has consecrated his life, his talents, and his fortune.

During the forty-two years of its existence, the House of Refuge has afforded instruction and moral training to ten thousand five hundred young persons, of both sexes. "We do not hope," says Mr. Barclay, "we dare not hope, that all of this large number have become virtuous members of society; but, if space permitted, I could adduce hundreds of instances in which our wards have maintained an excellent reputation. Many of them are quietly and unobtrusively pursuing their avocations, while few, very few of them are known by us to have committed crime or to have been in jails."

"THE HAWK AND THE DOVE."

The picture, thus entitled, which we present this month, is designed to illustrate an incident said to have occurred somewhere in the neighborhood of a city in Mexico. The story is told of a notorious brigand, long famous for his ferocity and blood-thirstiness—the terror not only of travellers, but of the people of the entire district which was the theatre of his exploits. He had carried off to his stronghold in the mountains—so the story runs—a little girl, the only child of a wealthy planter, expecting to obtain from its parents a rich ransom. But the innocent, artless ways of his little captive seem to have found a tender spot in the heart of this cruel outlaw. In vain the bereaved parents endeavored by ever-increasing offers of gold to induce him to give back to them their darling. His love for the child had become stronger than the desire for money; she was dearer to him even than life itself; and neither bribes nor threats could shake the tenacity with which he now clung to her.

Finally, the parents induced the authorities to take the matter of the child's recovery earnestly in hand. Parties of troops were sent out to scour the country in every direction. The wild region in which the brigand lurked was surrounded. Driven from one secret place to another, he yet eluded constantly to his little captive, no peril, no chance of escape, being sufficient to induce him to part with her. At last, his expedients were all exhausted. Discovered in his last hiding-place, he was driven from it. He fled to the summit of a tall cliff, where finding all further effort useless, he turned on his pursuers, whom he saw advancing toward him on every side. He made no attempt to use his weapons, fearing to provoke a contest which might result in injury to his little captive. Claspings the child in his arms, he covered it

with kisses, and then placing it where it was in no danger and could easily be discovered by those in pursuit of it, he deliberately put a pistol to his temples and fired. When his pursuers reached him, the miserable man was lifeless. Even in death he seemed to have thought only of the innocent child that he had loved so strangely, and yet with such depth of devotion; for his eyes were turned toward the spot where he had laid her, and a soft smile shed a tender light over his otherwise stern and ferocious features, as if at the supreme moment his heart had gone out to the little one.

The artist has pictured the brigand at the moment when, having gained the summit of the rock, he turned to look back at his pursuers. The scene is brought vividly before our eyes, and the picture is one that will bear study.

SIMPLICITY AND ELEGANCE.

Under this head, *The Golden Age*, Mr. Tilton's new paper, has some excellent thoughts, which we transfer to the HOME MAGAZINE. Let them be read and pondered. American social life is losing all its sweetness through a vain ambition for display. It is high time that a new order of things began:

"One of the lessons our people greatly need to learn," says *The Golden Age*, "is the superiority of simplicity and elegance to that extravagance and display which are fashionable everywhere among us at the present time. The style of living, the furnishing of our houses, the mode of dress, the equipage, and, in short, the entire arrangements of our life, are quite as offensive to refined taste as they are seriously objectionable on economic grounds. Ostentation takes the place of elegance, and the ambition to outdo the others in the matter of expense is more conspicuously apparent than any refinement of culture or serviceable end.

"It would be well if more of our people would study the best models of style among the aristocracy for whom they affect so much veneration. In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an unusual income, which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest application to business. They have more servants than we do, but labor is much cheaper there than here. But English ladies make more account of one silk dress than ours do of twenty. They generally dress in plain, substantial garments, neatly trimmed, reserving their costlier articles and jewelry for great occasions; and would look with suspicion upon the woman who decked herself in drawing-room attire for a shopping excursion, sweeping the street with her trail. Instead of turning their furniture out of door every two or three years and replacing it with new and fashionable styles, they take pride in preserving the articles that were used by their ancestors, and value them quite as much for their simplicity, solidity, and age as for the associations connected with them. Even their carpets are used years longer than ours before they think of replacing them, and their chinaware has, in many instances,